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Vol. X. E.F. Beadle, William Adams, Publishers.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1879. TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four mouths, \$1.00 one copy, four mouths, \$1.00 one copy, one year, 0.30 one copy, one year, 0.30 one copy, one year, 0.30 one copy, one year, 0.50 one year, 0.

No. 511

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Within is brightness. All the room
Is full of faintly-sweet perfume,
The merry music of the dance
Wraps scene and sense in subtle trance,
As up and down, in dizzy whirl, Swing fair-faced youth and happy girl.

No hint of want or woe is there.
No face shows trace of hopeless care,
As jewels flash, but brighter far
Shine eyes than any jewels are.
So with gay music, laugh and song
The fleet-winged moments drift along.

Without, in darkness, and alone,
With bare feet on the icy stone,
While flerce and wild the north wind blows
The frost-chill through her threadbare clothes
Through lace that hangs the windows wide
Looks in a beggar, hollow eyed.

Such hungry eyes as hers must touch The heart not hardened overmuch. Such wan, white lips, such tired feet, As standing in the dreary street, She watches youth's light-hearted tread And craves, poor soul! a crust of bread!

o goes the world. The poor must wait s beggars at the rich man's gate nd see the happiness within— h, fate! not crueler is sin! rom waste and plenty take and give he crust that helps the poor to live.

Azhort, the Axman;

The Secrets of the Ducal Palace.

A ROMANCE OF VENICE. BY ANTHONY P. MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"THE MAN OF STEEL," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEADSMAN'S FAMILY.

THE home of Azhort, once chief executioner of Venice, was situated at the extreme northwest of that cluster of islands which, in late days, was known as the New Lazaretto.

A square, low, massive stone structure, gray with age, and with the usual—but in this instance most neglected—garden at the rear. It had changed owners repeatedly during and subsequent to that notorious muddle of kingdoms and republics known in history as the League of Cambray, and finally became the castle of one whose vicious and shuddering nature of calling fitly sorted with a building gloomy, treacherous and scowling of aspect.

Though some miles distant from the scene of conflict on the Grand Canal, the gondola of Azhort soon arrived at the step-stones of what was known as the "Deathsman's Fort,"—for on the broad, square roof, or rampart, were several pieces of brass cannon that had been captured and placed there at a period of war with the French.

Piero, the pretending gondolier, was well ac-

French.
Piero, the pretending gondolier, was well acquainted with the destination, and plied his oar as stoutly as if earnest in the employ of the man whom he hated from the depths of his heart, and swore vengeance upon, for the possible death of Cladius Alburno.

Cladius Alburno.

It was fortunate for the intentions of Piero that the ex-chief of executioners had bestowed no special scrutiny upon his new servitor—employed that very morn—and more fortunate that, as chance willed, Piero was, in his disguise, in close resemblance to that vagabond. Hence, having made the boat fast to the stairs before the dull-muzzled abode of Azhort, and having entered to the presence of that furrible man's entered to the presence of that terrible man's family—Piero following by order—for it was mostly customary that a regularly employed gondolier became also the general servant—there ensued no discovery of the change in attendants which had occurred.

If the home of the deathsman was darkly foreholding without its interior was even more

If the home of the deathsman was darkly foreboding without, its interior was even more strikingly impressive.

Like his gondola, like his somber cape of velvet, the cap he wore, the scowl over his eagle-and-tiger eyes, everything was black, black as the shadow of the earth over an eclipsed moon. Furniture, balustrade, ceilings and walls, even the flooring of mosaicked flags, were glossed in darkness, until the beholder could imagine himself in a vast tomb of polished black agate, pervaded by airs of ghostly whispering.

Though wealthy enough to enjoy all comforts of room and convenience, Azhort had his peculiarities and seemed rather fond of confining himself to a single apartment on the lower floor, where he took meals with his family, but in-

where he took meals with his family, but invariably slept alone. This apartment was but a few steps from the front entrance, decked profusely with armorial trappings, helmets and plates of knights long dead, and containing the great two-handed sword and broad-bladed ax, with which his releastless arm had dealt the with which his relentless arm had dealt the death-blow for many victims supplied by the dread Council of Ten when he was in the zenith

of his career as chief executioner.

Straight to this lower chamber he led the way—Piero boldly in the rear—and presently joined his family: wife and son.

The wife was tall, gaunt, yellow-skinned, having but one eye that was watery and leering:

feature and person coarse and awkward; voice that rasped and gurgled in the throat of a long, craning neck; movements those of a woman more masculine of habit than female.

more masculine of habit than female.

The son, like the father, was dwarfed and ugly, dressed in black, tight, spangled garments, and seated, with twisted legs, on a high stool of ebon stain. On his head he wore a flimsy conical cap. His nose was long and pointed; mouth broad and narrow, and capable of a dunce-like grin, which, at times, displayed the teeth of a squirrel. His eyes were small, dark and cunning, and in their slightly sunken depths there dwelt a something that warned of a passion not safe to be aroused.

The coffin-hued furnishings, the armorial dis-

The coffin-hued furnishings, the armorial dis

The coffin-hued furnishings, the armorial display, the virago wife, the eely-dwarfed son, all were closely observed by Piero; and when at last he stood fairly within the headsman's abode, he exclaimed, under his breath:

"By St. George! I have followed the lead of Satan. Here are his favorite imps. I am in a small kingdom of perdition. Poor chance would I have did they discover that not a simple gondolier but a lieutenant of the famous Cladius Alburno—whom the excentioner hated enough Alburno—whom the executioner hated enough to kill, or try to kill—has dared to enter the infernal home of Azhort, to spy and for vengeance. Fiends, all! they would flay me alive!" The arrival of the lord of the household was



"Hi! Look here! a man in disguise. A spy! A spy! Aid me, father!"

son. "Tis ready long since. Any news from the Palazzo Ducale?" answered and asked Bal-

Balla.
"Oh! Hi! we have a new man!" squeaked

Tobato, the junior dwarf, who had immediately fixed his snapping little eyes on Piero.

"I do not like the glance of that young rascal," passed in the mind of Piero. "It has not the fierceness of his father's, but it is even more prying and may discover that the beard and the

ig I wear are false. To be known as a sp here would, undoubtedly, insure my death. Let me be ready." And he cautiously felt in his bosom to see if his stiletto was safely there.

"Let me know you, fine fellow," said the deformed youth, sliding from his stool and advancing like a spider over its silken web. "I am the son of Azhort. My name is Tobato—

'Piero, bless you, boy; a trusty gondolier, I

nope."
"I think I like your looks—Piero—Piero," de "I think I like your looks—Piero—Piero," de-clared the dwarf, grinning more broadly, cast-ing his snaky eyes first on the head, then on the body, then on the feet, and finally back to the face of Piero, as he repeated the name of that person twice and slowly. "Yes, you tickle my fancy. That great grizzly beard—I always liked big beards, though I cannot grow one my-self. Hi! and hair of two colors—black and gray. How very odd! Look, mother: a man with hair of—"
"Cease your chatter, Tobato. Back to your

"Cease your chatter, Tobato. Back to your eat—hear?—while I talk with your father. Sit you down in that corner, Rags." The last to ero, and leveling a brown, brawny, hairy arm nd claw-of-a-finger toward a distant part of

the room.

Piero obeyed silently, keeping covert watch upon the grinning Tobato, whose eyes followed him intently, and whose supple coiled limbs cased in black reminded of some huge and poisonous spider, surmounted by the head of a clown and the expression of an imp, all ready to spring forward and bite, tear or devour.

A portion of the wig worn by Piero had slipped aside, betraying the true brown color of the hair beneath. By a dextrous movement he adjusted this as he sat down on the box indithe room.

the hair beneath. By a dextrous movement he adjusted this as he sat down on the box indicated by Bal-Balla.

"When you ask for news," growled Azhort, using the Spanish language, and already munching hungrily at the bounty which Bal-Balla had spread before him—" when you ask for news, let me tell you that I have a plenty of it, which I only gathered this day "—chewing ravenously. "Listen, and you shall hear."

"You always said that my ears were both

"You always said that my ears were both big and ugly. Go on with the news you bring," returned Bal-Balla, shortly, standing before him ith arms akimbo and staring at him with her

watery but steady one eye.

"Hi" thought Tobato, as he continued his keen survey of Piero. "Hi! that fellow's hair is now all of one color—gray. What has become of the black patch I saw a moment since?

hailed with a shout from the young dwarf upon the stool, and Bal-Balla, the wife, mumbled some brief words of recognition.

"Supper!" growled Azhort, sending his cap, with a twirl, across to the grasp of his grinning son.

"I'lls ready long since. Any news from the stool, and Bal-Balla, the wife, mumbled some brief words of recognition.

"I'lls ready long since. Any news from the local disconnection of the stool, and Bal-Balla, the wife, mumbled some brief words of recognition.

"Supper!" growled Azhort, sending his cap, with a twirl, across to the grasp of his grinning son.

"I'lls ready long since. Any news from the local disconnection of the many times and bravely amid the terrors of a naval battle—felt a shiver in witnessing.

But for a timely dodge on Piero's part, the stoom under the ling type and the pseudo Piero—who had fought many times and bravely amid the terrors of a naval battle—felt a shiver in witnessing.

But for a timely dodge on Piero's part, the stoom under the interpolation of the man-fiend, and asked, tremblingly:

"Unit He is too much of an idiot to understand," avowed Bal-Balla, confidently, turning her leering one eye for a second on the dissem-

ect. Oh, but I am as good at Spanish, or Italian, or French, or Swiss."
"The Duke d'Ossuna does not want the crown

to Spain. It is not the crown of Naples, but to commence with the pillage of Venice. So much for the sly duke."

"Hoo!" screeched Bal-Balla, excited on the instant. "Hoo! the pillage of Venice. That is it? Then fire!—sword!—riot! How gay! I am in! Let us have pillage! Viva! Good for the Duke d'Ossuna! Hoo!"

"Dance, Tobato! Hoo! dance for joy!" screeched the hag.

"Hi! Hi!" squealed Tobato, louder than ever. The miniature pandemonium was only of a few seconds' duration.

"Silence, all" snarled the hoarse voice of the deathsman, abruptly slapping back the ax upon its brackets.

Instantly there was

in! Let us have pillage! Viva! Good for the Duke d'Ossuna! Hoo!"

Bal-Balla rocked from foot to foot, swayed her body back and forth, waved her arms aloft and about, and tossed her head this way and that till its mass of coarse hair loosed and tangled over brow and shoulders, all the while shouting. "Hoo!" in a burst of savage houting, "Hoo! Hoo!" in a burst of savage

glee.
She uttered and shouted the words in the dialect of Venice, and her frenzied behavior and hints at its cause brought on contagion; for catching the spirit of his mother, and delighting in the prospect of fights and plunder, Tobato leaped from his stool and joined her, dancing, gyrating and contorting his spider shape, till he and the insane virago resembled a pair of hide-

ous demons.

"Hi! Hi!" he yelled. "Oh, good! A riot!
Burn and plunder! Hi! We'll drag out the
nobles, the senators, and the doge, and cut off
their heads! Hi!" and while he sprung hither
and thither, on his elastic toes, he clapped his hands and hallooed with the throat of a screech-

Partaking of the excitement which his announcement created, Azhort bounded from the table to the wall and snatched down his broad-

"Ay, pillage and fire!" he cried, hoarsely.
"Let me try the weight of my pet ax. So!
So! So! Light in darkness! my arm is young yet. So!—and so! Ha!" and round and round his wolfish head he circled the terrible ax like a ring of lightning flashes.

Bal-Balla worked her actions to a pitch of

Bal-Balla worked her actions to a pitch of madness; Tobato hopped and skipped. And loud "Hoo! - Hoos!" and shrill "Hi! - His!" filled the chamber with a scene and sound of revelous insanity.

> CHAPTER IV. THE TWO SPIES WORK.

I no longer see it."

The swift-circling ax, the shuddering glare in Piero now transferred his attention to the fieree-looking couple at the table.

"Come, now," he muttered, though in a whisper smothered by his great beard, "there is to the din of all and the portrayal of natures."

and bravely amid the terrors of a navar battle—felt a shiver in witnessing.

But for a timely dodge on Piero's part, the first strong sweep of the mighty ax would have completely severed his head; for Azhort, in his impulse of mad enthusiasm, seemed to forget the presence of his gondolier, and his position was near the box, within striking distance of that with astranished person.

or French, or Swiss.

"The Duke d'Ossuna does not want the crown of Naples," abruptly stated Azhort.

"Hoo! what mean you? Was it not for that the Council of Ten—as you and I know—was apprised of the intended revolt?"

"A trick. Bah! Nobles are full of tricks. You cannot swear, by their acts to-day, what they may do on the morrow."

"True enough. What, then, is the duke after?"

"The duke, the marquis and the embassador—D'Ossuna, De Bedmar and Pedro de Toledo—seek the overthrow of the Republic, and select a time when Venetia is in almost open hostility at time when Venetia is in almost open hostility at time when Venetia is in almost open hostility at time when Venetia is in almost open hostility."

"The Duke d'Ossuna does not want the crown of Naples, but to the presence of ins goal. The box, within striking distance of that quite astonished person.

"Hough!" ejaculated Piero, as he rolled none to quick from the box and crouched upon the floor. "Now may the winged lion fly away with me from this den! An instant later, and my head would have been rolling under yonder table. Look at them! All mad! All devils! Were I ten times a giant, with the hide of a rhinoceros, I know that I never would leave this house alive did they discover me to be the lieutenant of famous Cladius Alburno."

"Dance, Tobato! Hoo! dance for joy!" screeched the hag."

Instantly there was quietness. Tobato clambered again upon his high stool, and perceiving Piero kneeling and crouching, he giggled in amusement. Bal-Balla set about rearranging her hair and garments, disheveled and disordered during the brief and vociferous orgie. 'Silence, all. I have more news to give you.

This pillage and riot in prospect is to occur tomorrow night-"The sooner the better," put in Bal-Balla.
"Hi! To-morrow night. Good," supplement-

ed Tobato.

"All Spaniards employed by nobles—and there are many—will attend to those nobles, saving all they can for the ax of Azhort and massacring all who cannot be saved. Ho! I am of the duke's party. Think of it: I will once again be chief executioner of Venice! though I desire it but for one day."

"Hot. That is excellent! You will be chief!"

"Hoo! That is excellent! You will be chief!"

"Hoo! That is excellent! You will be chief!" applauded Bal-Balla.
"Hi! Hi! My father will be chief, and I shall have work in the strangling-chamber! Oil the bowstring! Sharpen sword and ax! Cheer for the Duke d'Ossuna! Hi!" and the impish dwarf swung his black-tighted legs and long, slim arms, laughing loudly, and mother and son were on the verge of another frenzy; but Azhort sternly cried: sternly cried:

were on the verge of another frenzy; but Azhort sternly cried:

"Peace! Bolts and lightning! will you be still? Before this happens, remember that I must get into the Trienti palace, and see if I have not guessed aright the secret Lady Perci has held there for twelve years. 'Twas she who deprived you of your eye, Bal-Balla; she was fiery-tempered and scheming enough, eighteen years ago—to rush upon the deck and jab a lance-point at the first thing she saw; that chancing to be your eye; and she is cunning enough to contrive and carry out what I think she has for twelve years past. Vengeance for you and riches for me will ensue when I have laid bare the secret—a double secret—which must be accomplished before to-morrow night. Ha! fellow, do you understand what I am saying?" to Piero, whose presence he suddenly recalled.

bling Piero.

"Hi! they think him an idiot," chuckled Tobato, sotto voce; "but I know better. He is a man in disguise, with hair of two colors; and I

bato, sotto soce; "but I know retter. He is a man in disguise, with hair of two colors; and I begin to suspicion that the beard he wears is not on its rightful owner's face. Why is he masquerading here? I am watching him."

And Tobato was watching the supposed gondolier with the unwinking keenness of a rat that hides and waits for a chance to dart.

"But, how to enter Trienti palace?" was the query of Bal-Balla, "when for nearly the whole of those twelve years you have been striving vainly, and by every artifice, to gain admittance. Hoo! Marco Trienti is anything else than a friend of yours. And you have never told me what secret of hate lies between you."

"None," hissed Azhort, in a tone of anger, and scowling till his brows twisted in black knots over his hawkish nose. "None, except that he despises bloodshed, and those who dabble in it, otherwise than in open warfare. But, despite the order of Marco Trienti, to the contrary, I shall enter the palace this very night. There is a purse of gold "—tossing onto the table the purse he had received in part payment from Lady Perci.

"Hoo! a purse of gold" echeed the hag.

"Hoo! a purse of gold!" echoed the hag.
"Hi! gold! gold!" reëchoed the dwarf imp.
Mother and son sprung greedily at the purse,
tearing it apart and scattering its contents over
the table top.
"That in part for having stable."

That in part for having stabbed and drowned Cladius Alburno in the Grand Canal. I cannot be sure that I stabbed him, for, strangely, there is no blood on my knife. But he is drowned, to

a certainty."

"So, I had forgotten," entered Piero's mind.

"My beloved commander Captain Cladius, this very day put on a jacket of mail in fear of a knife-thrust from the skulking spies of The Ten, As he is a very good swimmer, he may be still alive to have his own vengeance on this man with a wolf's head."

"And," continued Azhort, "I am to get another purse at the palace, in completion of the

"And," continued Azhort, "I am to get another purse at the palace, in completion of the bargain with Lady Perci, for it was to oblige her I did the deed. Have no doubt as to my being admitted. Look: this is the signet ring of Lady Perci Trienti. None dare dispute it!" and he held aloft the stolen ring that shone, in the light of the many candles that illuminated the room like a sparkling star.

in the light of the many candles that illuminated the room, like a sparkling star.

"The signet ring of Lady Perci!" exclaimed the two. And Bal-Balla: "I will not waste time to ask how you came by it, but—boo!—by the power of that ring, then, you can find Venturi Adello, and from Venturi Adello you can learn where to seek for the chest of treasure we could not capture at a time when you and I bore other names, and in that fight on board the Unita, when Lady Perci speared my eye out. Hoo! Good! The treasure of Venturi Adello, first; then the head of Lady Perci!"

"What can they mean?" wondered the atten-

when it he head of Lady Perci?"
"What can they mean?" wondered the attention before to-morrow night. Ha! fellow, do you understand what I am saying?" to Piero, whose presence he suddenly recalled.

Azhort was still using the language of Spain.

if it has been found—have anything to do rible of men, Azhort, once chief executioner of

ing pocketed a goodly share of, the coin from the purse.

"Hark ye," said Azhort, with a serious frown:

"if Venturi Adello will deal with me, I will for once in my life do an honest deed. I will free him. We will share the treasure together. There are millions in precious stones for both. Hot then for the pillage of Venice; and after the pillage, the sea!—the wide, free sea! The ship, the breeze, my hundred good men of Barbary, and Sadrac once more on the pirate's deek! , and Sadrac once more on the pirate's deck!

bary, and Sadrac once more on the pirate's deck!
Ha! ha! ha!"
"Hoo! And I—the Fazienta of old—with
cutlass in hand, will be bravely at your side!"
"Hi! yes, the sea. A very good pirate I
think I shall make," chimed in Tobato. "But I
must have a bride. Give me Adria Trienti for
my bride and queen, for I have long loved
ber!"

Tobato had no recollection of being on the

robato had no recollection of being on the sea; he was too young at a time when his parents lived entirely upon it and plied a nefarious trade, as will be developed duly.

"Very true," agreed the headsman, eying his son with tigerish pride. "It is a famous idea. Out of the pillage and massacre, I must try and save the pretty Adria to become the wife of my boy."

"But he may not be dead. May, have hope, save the prestry Adria to become the wife of my boy."

When Adria regained her senses, it was not to wonder what had happened; everything the tentour of the place and found went in which and a large that the notorious and outrageous Sadrac, the half-Moor prints, and his wife, Pazients, and the half-Moor possible that eliber Venturi Adelous, and the half-Moor possible that eliber Venturi Adelous, or Sadrac, or Sadrac, or Sadrac's wife, are alive to-day, o

whiskers of the latter, and uttering a shrill yelp.

"Hi! Look here! a man in disguise. A spy! A spy! Aid me, father!"
Piero twirled his assailant around and tripped him on the stones. Then, with a single leap, he dived forward into the water and vanished.
Startled by the outery of his son, and while hesitating for a single instant, the first spy eluded Aznort, jumped into a two-prowed skiff and propelled himself like an arrow out upon the waters.

"Take the oar, Tobato! Haste! Two spies! What if all I have said has been understood by

What if all I have said has been understood by the spy inside and the spy outside! Fury of earth! Work about. If we can find the first, we may easily crack his skull as he swims, Haste!"

The listener at the outer door was the same vagabond who had, a short time previous, importuned Adio Adello at the wharf on the Grand Canal to purchase his miserable-looking

now moonlighted waters, in search of Piero, the dull boom of a distant gun came to the ears of father and son.

"Ha! the voice of a bombarde," exclaimed Azhort.

"I judge it comes from the fortress

Azhort, "I judge it comes from the fortress at Porto di Lido. No matter; it does not con-And since we cannot find that death seize him!—why, on, on to the Trienti

But that dull boom of the gun from Porto di Lido was of very great interest to Azhort, as subsequent events proved.

CHAPTER V. A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

THOUGH well beyond all danger from that collision on the Grand Canal consummated through the inhuman connivance of Lady Perci, the gondola containing Adria continued with unfaltering speed toward the curve, where, after running westward, the waters turn to an eastern course, the spot of the disaster happening at about that vicinity.

Feeling, by intuition, that a sudden and plot-

Feeling, by intuition, that a sudden and plot ted peril menaced the man of her heart's adora tion, her anxious face peered between the curtains, and straining eyes, sparkling with love and fear, were riveted upon the gondola of

Behind and above her shoulders was another face, that of a faithful attendant, apparently of Indian extraction, frank of countenance and of muscular build. She had, as it were, reared and watched over Adria since the marriage of Lady Perci with Marco Trienti, twelve years

Cladius, when covered with badges of fame, had twice visited the Trienti palace. Once—the first time—had sufficed to seal the destiny of two hearts upon the chance of happiness or misery enduring; for at the first moment of the g of their eyes, gaze to gaze, Cladius had

"Here is my fate. Heaven has brought us together." And Adria:

This man is to be my king. I know not why, but already I love him."

Knowing Cladius Alburno to be an honorable man and a famous commander in the navy, and attracted, herself, by his noble bearing, the India woman, Phia, had encouraged her young mistress in the amour thus singularly begun: for the two responsive hearts were not long in

communicating their pure, passionate affection.

It was much owing to the artifice of Phla, who was a shrewd as well as devoted woman, that the clandestine meetings of the lovers were obtained, after the success of the vile plot conceived by Lady Perci, owing to which Cladius was proclaimed a traitor and outlaw by The Ten and sought for with bloodthirsty zeal by the spies of that silent, though stealthy and ter-

Hence, Phla, with great interest, though not so deep nor as keen as Adria's, watched in suspense what she readily perceived—what both felt assured—was a premeditated assault upon

Cladius Alburno.

"Oh, Phla! what can it mean? Know you that black gondola with a prow like flashing steel? I have often seen the same before now. See! It is almost on the other, which has scarce time to turn and meet bow to bow. Do you

Ay, right well, Lady Adria, do I know it; and the bow is indeed steel, sharp steel, sharp be bonored, as a knife. It is the gondola of that most horthese things.

—if it has been found—have anything to do with the discovery of a treasure? These beasts are mysterious as well as devilish!"

"Hi! Hi! money and vengeance! A good day's work for my smart father!" crowed Tobato, sidling again to his high stool, after having pocketed a goodly share of the coin from the purse.

"Hark ye," said Azhort, with a serious frown: "if Venturi Adello will deal with me, I will for once in my life do an honest deed. I will free from sight.

from sight.

A shrick as agonizing as if the knife of Azhort had sheathed itself in her own bosom broke from her horrified lips, and with the shrick, and face whiter than the terraced landings around her, she drooped backward, insensible, into the quick arms of Phla.

"There, there, my poor lady!" moaned the woman, still in a shudder, herself, at what she had witnessed, and striving to restore Adria to consciousness. "Ah, me! what a death for so noble a warrior as Cladius Alburno. To die by the dagger of an assassin—and such an assassin!

noble a warrior as chadus Arburho. To the by the dagger of an assassin—and such an assassin! There, there, my dear, good babe, my Lady Adria, open your eyes to me, dear sweet. Look up. Well, it may not be that he is dead, after

"Cladius! Cladius!" murmured the now half-

"Cladius! Cladius!" murmured the now halfunconscious maiden.
"But he may not be dead. Nay, have hope.
Straight to the palace and make all haste," she
cried, to the gondolier.
When Adria regained her senses, it was not
to wonder what had happened; everything had
been tooyvividly imprinted on her mind to render question necessary—a mind that, nevertheless, dizzied and ached and found vent in weeping such only as flows from a wounded heart as
it withers in the first great throes of insupportable grief.

"Ah! my poor babe, my poor Lady Adria," she murmured, her honest eyes filling with tears, "May all the evil spirits under the earth wreak unending torment on the ugly wretch who has given my mistress this overpowering fright. Yes, a fright—only a fright, for I do not yet believe that noble Cladius Althere was a summons at the entrance,

And," was the woman's mental comment, 'a very unmotherly mother, I vow, if she s your mother, which I have doubted for some years." But she kept this thought behind

her lips.

The toilet completed, they descended the broad staircase together. Phla had many privileges, owing to her long and faithful service in the household, and in her plain though tidy costume had nearly always remained close to her young mistress, even when the large wim with the light and dazzle of gay enter-ainments or masquerade, for which the Trienti

desires an interview with Lady Perci, and can-not be refused because he wears her signet-

At the first announcement, Adria tottered and grasped the balustrade for support, while her large, wondrous, startled eyes followed the age as he continued to ascend the staircase af-

page as he communed to ascend the staircase arter answering her question.

"Azhort, the headsman! He in the palace!" she gasped. "No!—no! it is scarce possible. What could bring him here, and with the signet-ring of my mother? The murderer of my—

noment flushing cheek and brow. Together hey hastened to the apartment where the senaton awaited the coming of his step-child; and entered his presence, Phla cried out in a spirited tone:
"Hear, Marco Trienti! The horrible man,

Azhort, ex-headsman of Venice, is in the palace, when it is well known that you have forbidden his entrance. He is at this moment awaiting an audience with Lady Perci!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 510.)

MAKE home attractive. The children have nalienable rights to amusement as well as truction. They should be entertained at ho cal mental and moral development of cat, mental and moral development of the young at home. There must be a place to play, as well as a place to pray. The children must have fun as well as catechism. To omit either is to do violence to their best interests. If parents would but consider their duty toward their own children, and study ways and means to make them happy at home, by innocent sports, proper books, and, above all, by free companionship and confidence, the church would be honored. Let fathers and mothers think on

A HEART CRY.

BY MARY DE WITT.

Tired of living, weary of woe,
Tired, so tired, oh, no one can know
How weary I am of this world and its show!
Brimful of wickedness, sin and pain,
It palls on the heart and deadens brain;
Far more of suffering than joy we know:—
Tired of living, weary of woe.

Tired of living, weary of woe,
Sunshine falls o'er us ne'er as we go
Through this world's wilderness to and fro.
Hope files before us just out of sight
Leaving no radiance to brighten our night,
Life is a burden that weights us so;
Tired of living, weary of woe.

Tired of living, weary of woe,
Merciful God, show pity, oh, show,
That our pathway may brighter and clearer
grow!
Groping in darkness, oh, Father of Grace,
Dispel it, I pray, with the light of Thy face!
Sin bovers over us, dark shadows grow;
Tired of living, weary of woe.

Mill, Mine, and Master.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

Miss Darley's pulses beat quicker for the savage wildness of the scene she stood regarding—the red lights of the furnace fires streaming out into the black night, the workmen casting grotesque shadows as they stooped at their tasks, the glowing lakes and streams of white-hot metal in the process of "tapping off," and the square face and heavy brows of one man whom Paul Ruble touched upon the shoulder. "March, let your helper relieve you. Ladies, this is the best workman in the whole range of mills. He had some idea of lifting himself above this sphere at one time; but there's a sort of magnetism about the business, it would seem,

face,

"Let me trust your venture was a more successful one," said March, answering her allusion to that time and warming, as what man would not under her gracious smile. "You were going to win the favor of a relation who was to make you her heiress, if I remember iceltic."

Here there was a summons at the entrance, and Phla, answering it, returned to say:

"Marco Trienti, your step-father, wishes to see you, Lady Adria. Come, let me arrange out toilet belitting a meeting with him."

"Be expeditions. Phla, for I am anxious to be with him. Though a step-father, he has ever been a father to me, and my love has gone out on him as a daughter's."

"Marco Trienti is a good man, heart and leed," observed Phla, busying herself with the collet. "World that Leould think the same of the collet."

"World that Leould think the same of the collet."

"World that Leould think the same of the collet."

"But I failed, too," she answered, frankly.

"And I find it hard to forgive myself, because a mean and hypocritical person gained by treachery what I ought to have had by right."

Why a chord of sympathy should stir in found their old interest in each other awake and intensified, and it was due to Madeline's properties. ilet. "Would that I could think the same of swife." imperious demand that Mr. March was invited to make his appearance in that upper stratum of society which found its place at Mr. Ruble's able, at the next dinner-party given by the

"I want to see how he looks in a drawing room," said she, and he looked very well as Paul Ruble himself was forced to acknowledge, with no pleasant thoughts.

Two weeks more, and Madeline Darley woke to a sense of the danger into which she had drifted, and the waking came in the shape of the following letter:

'My DEAR MADDY: If you are doing no better a getting into Mr. Ruble's good graces than you man aged with aunt Murilda—though I must say I think she was most shabby, after raising our expectation by paying your schooling, which I never did believe tainments or masquerade, for which the Trienti palace was noted.

Half-way down they met a page ascending.
"Can you tell me whether Lady Perci has returned?" he inquired.
"As well ask me how long since Lady Perci has response of the India-woman. "I am not the keeper of Lady Perci, boy, but the willing slave of Lady Adria."
"Phla, do not be rude," admonished Adria, gently; and she asked, scarce able to account for the impulse: "Tell me, Faucho, who has come?"
The missive dropped into Miss, Darlov's land more than all poor barleys daughter, though if it had been one of Smith's it trees home and take up some of the work, for with the six children and three boarders I can't get along. Your affectionate mother,

The missive dropped into Miss, Darlov's land

The missive dropped into Miss Darley's lar 'Azbort, the ex-chief of executioners. He sires an interview with Lady Perci, and cant be refused because he wears her signet-ing."

The vision of home it conjured gave her a repulsive chill—home in a city tenement with her violent-tempered step-father presiding, her mother with whatever good looks and good traits she might once have possessed long since worn out, leaving only a soured, shrewish wo-man, the children, so many young imps of mis-chief without any of the loveliness of childhood dered at that prospect and turned eagerly to any other that offered a release? Royal March's strong face might haunt her secret thoughts her conscience might upbraid her for some of Come. Phla! Oh, haste! I shall not feel safe those bright mornings upon the mountain when their paths hid crossed not wholly by accident, but within three days she was Paul Ruble's promised wife. those bright mornings upon the mountain when their paths had crossed not wholly by accident,

Mr. Ruble was coming out of the library with a queer, twisted key on his finger, when Miss Darley's face looking at him over the shoulder of a marble Venus caused him to start

"Is it the key of Bluebeard's chamber, that

you are so particular? she asked, coming forth. "Or has it the property of vanishing through the floor in a mysterious way?"
"It has vanished, I think," said Mr. Ruble, nervously. "Never mind. What were you thinking of as you stood there rivaling Venus in

her charms?"

"I was wondering how I would feel if I were mistress here by my own right instead of your favor," she answered, coolly. "I have a fancy I ought to have been."

His fiancie's abruptness must have grated upon Mr. Ruble's nerves. He changed color, bit his lip, and walked away. Miss Darley stooped when he disappeared and picked up the key, which had been snugly reposing beneath the sole of her slipper, and though a housemaid came upon the scene and searched diligently for the missing instrument, her inclinations did for the missing instrument, her inclinations did not prompt her to give up her discovery. There was a memory connected with that curious bit of twisted metal which Madeline Darley pondered over for the hundredth time, perhaps, that day.

Old aunt Murilda—dead and gone now, so peace to her ashes!—had held it in her hand when she broke out in that denunciation of Paul Ruble, who had gained such an influence over her in her declining age that the poor lady had become little better than the creature of his will

will.

"He is an evil man, Madeline, a hypocrite and a traitor. You were right in disliking him, and I have been a blind old fool. But we will have justice done yet. The will goes into the fire for one thing, my dear, and we make another one putting you in the place where he never would have been but for his base and un-

never would have been but for his base and unwarranted pretensions—never, believe me!?

But after all aunt Murilda had died and Paul Ruble come into possession of the controlling interest she had held in mills and mines, and Madeline hung the distorted key upon her watch-chain as she thought with a sigh of how differently her life might have turned had her relative's intention only been carried out. Whatever impulse made her take possession of the key, she had no thought of using it to discover her intended husband's secrets. Her opinion of the man was of ar from flattering that the less of these which came to her knowledge the better, she thought.

Meanwhile Mr. Ruble was not a little nettled at its loss. He rode away in the afternoon to

at its loss. He rode away in the afternoon to one of the coal mines from which mutters of discontent had been making themselves heard.

discontent had been making themselves heard. A knot of miners were gathered on the hillside awaiting his approach.

"What now, you rascals?" he asked, angrily.

"Why are you not at your work?"

A decent-looking man took off his hat as he made answer for the party.

"We was a-comin' to tell you, sir, as how we'd put in our last strokes. 'Tain't noways safe in that mine with the roof all. sagging and the pillars cut out till there's no more'n a few inches of crumblin' slate 'twixt us'n's bein' crushed to a jelly, and we've got our love of life strong as other men. We'll go to work elsewheres if it's your pleasure, sir, but not in the old mine where it's tempting Providence every minute we stay."

minute we stay. minute we stay."
"You're a pack of contrary idiots and I'll have no more to do with you," was Mr. Ruble's gracious response as he pursued his way.
If the Fates had combined to aggravate him, they could have taken no surer means than by sending Royal March to confront him near the mouth of the mine.

sending Royal March to confront him near the mouth of the mine.

"The men were quite justified in leaving," said the latter.

"I will be the judge as to that," retorted Ruble. "As for you, sirrah, confine yourself to your own place after this, or I'll send you adrift as surely as I do those insubordinate hounds." The blue pallor of quivering wrath was in Ruble's face as he saw the other's brows knit and darken. "What do I mean? I mean that your intolerable presumption, and your chance meetings with Miss Darley are both at an end. The lady has given her future into my keeping, and if her own pride doesn't check her associations, my will shall. I'm kindly enough disposed toward you, my man, in your own sphere, but it will be well for you to bear in mind that I am master."

He scarcely looked it for all his bullying assertion. His hand shook as he got out his pocket-lantern, and he kept a furtive watch upon his companion, more than half-expecting some savage uprising of a spirit he had reason to dread. The brawny hand of the workman elenched until the muscles stood out in great cords on its back, and he turned away as if fearing to trust himself to any reply. But as he reached the descent he faced around.

"I wonder that Heaven doesn't send in that tottering roof on your head," he muttered, as if invoking such an end. A moment more and a

"I wonder that Heaven doesn't send in that tottering roof on your head," he muttered, as if invoking such an end. A moment more and a dull rumble shook the earth. The sound like sullen thunder died away, and the sun shone down, the wind whispered lightly amid the leaves, but Royal March shivered in the summery warmth and turned pale under the tan of the furnace fires. What struggle possessed him for a moment, what better impulse was trampled out as he sprung down the pathway, he best knew.

pled out as he sprung down the pathway, he best knew.

A storm came up with the evening. Such thunder, such lightning, such down-pouring torrens, were unknown even in that region of storms, but while the tempest raged, the furnaces threw their steady glow athwart the wild, wet darkness, and the night force were thrilled by one of those horrible accidents which occur now and then, in their midst. The pincers in one man's hands missed a red-hot bar, as it came from the rolls, and the ductile metal had coiled from the rolls, and the ductile metal had colled around him, searing the strong limbs that in a moment had lost their strength and active use-fulness forever, and this man was Royal March. A message to Miss Darley brought her to his bedside by midnight.

bedside by midnight.

"No, I am not dying," as he met the stricken fear in her face. "But even men who are doomed to live sometimes have confessions to make. Has Mr. Ruble come home?"

Send searchers to the old mine. It caved on him this afternoon. Let them make haste, r this storm is likely to flood the mine, and rown any living thing there like a rat. I knew and left him, Miss Darley, but it wasn't en rely because of you," answering a question he ead in her face. "I may have been so mad—l cas, and that added to an old wrong put murder in my heart. Do you remember the invention with which I hoped to make my fortune, years ago? He stole it, just as I was sure of success after the long time I spent in perfecting it, and he has risen since, while I have been pushed down until he made a virtue of giving me work, and desimed gratingle for the meager ways. and claimed gratitude for the meager wages paid back by the hands that robbed me. I don't f I had not such a black sin to lay bare, but as

As it is, I am so far from good myself, that I am grateful to you, Royal March, for setting me an example in forsaking the wrong and turning to the right."

The old mine had caved in upon Mr. Ruble the old mme had caved in upon Mr. Ruble, but a lodgment of some of the supporting timbers had saved him from being crushed to death, and in quarters so narrow that he could not stand upright, he had ample leisure during the long night to reflect upon his sins, and fright enough to resolve upon atonement when the wa ter gathered about him and rose gradually to his chin; but these varied sensations fell away from him when his release was effected in the

Miss Darley stood in the doorway when he arrived, a pitiable figure, at his own house. She was a little worn with her sleepless night, more than a little changed in an indescribable, haughty way which repelled him, yet Mr. Ruble forced himself to do something in the senti-

mental line.
"Oh, my Madeline, I thought I would never

ee you again."
"Your Madeline never will be seen, sir," she replied. "I am free to confess that what you and, and not what you were, attracted me, but the charm is broken since I know how much came to you through the meanest of thefts." Her fingers were twisted in her chain, and as Mr. Ruble's abashed eyes fell they rested upon the key which was suspended there. His lips twitched and turned ghastly, next moment he

fell forward writhing in a fit.

Two or three facts were not long in connecting themselves in Miss Darley's mind, and if she changed her intention about using that key the result certainly justified her. It unlocked a cumbersome secretary where aunt Murilda had kept her private papers, and brought to light a codicil to that will of which the old woman had repented, which document in her upright handwriting declared:

"Whereas, I have just learned that my kinsman, Paul Ruble, has been guilty of fraud and deception in imposing on me certain improvements now used in the machinery of the mills as his own invention, and whereas, being impressed by what I considered his practical genius I have heretofore named him as the heir to my estates, this codicil is to revoke such disposition of my properties to the aforesaid poul. disposition of my properties to the aforesaid Paul Ruble; and furthermore: I, Murilda Ruble Darley,

being sound in mind but feeble in body, do hereby devise and bequeath all the estates and personal properties of wrich I may die possessed to my belov d grand-niece. Madelike Darley, on condition that she make such restitution as justice demands to the actual inventor of said improvements of which he was wickedly defrauded—said inventor, I have reason to believe, being a young man named Royal March."

Royal March."

That, and more, in aunt Murilda's hand, and a rather awkward imitation of a lawyer's phraseology left her last wishes unmistakably clear, and the choice between Paul Ruble and poverty was lifted away from Madeline, and Mr. Ruble himself recovered to slink out of her knowledge, and, without a doubt, to curse the weakness which left that document undestroyed.

Stroyed.

Did she fulfill the condition imposed upon her?
There is a crippled joint-owner with her of those mill and mining interests who evidently thinks so, into whose eyes she looks as she says: "You are the only lord and master I could ever acknowledge, Royal, my dear."

The Creole Cousins;

FALSE AS FAIR.

A Romance of the Tropics. BY PHILIP S. WARNE, AUTHOR OF "BOWIE, THE KNIGHT OF CHIV-ALRY," "ELEGANT EGBERT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

WOMAN'S POWER. WOMAN'S POWER.

But the fullness of fate was not yet come.
At the announcement of Harry Hazeltine's name, Inez had felt her heart leap and then stand still. She felt the iciness of death creeping over her. She could not speak. She could not move. Her eyes were fixed upon him through the crowd. If he had come then, he would have found her sitting like one turned to

But she saw him disappear in the direction

stone.

But she saw him disappear in the direction of the card-room. The spell was broken. An icy shiver escaped her. She gazed around for help, like one awaking from a dream.

Don Manuel Rubio had had the good taste not to present himself at a fete so soon after his duel. He, therefore, was not at her side.

Asa Dillingham, however, chanced to be near. He alone had seen the marked effect of Harry's name on Donna Inez. Of their former relations he knew nothing. Out of revenge for Inez's curiosity touching his life, James Wetherby had told Dillingham all that he knew of her—that she had been once married; but the name of her husband he had been unable to learn.

But Dillingham's suspicious nature was quick to put this and that together.

Gliding to her side he whispered:

"Come! you look like a ghost. Your guests must not see you in this state. Moreover, he must not meet you. It will speil everything."

"Who must not meet me?" asked the woman, valiantly fighting on the defensive.

"Your husband!" said Dillingham, without hesitation. A pretty item it would make for the morning papers! Romance in high life!—and all that sort of thing."

"Take me away!" said the woman, helplessly. He put his arm within hers, the better to sur-

md all that sort of thing."

"Take me away!" said the woman, helplessly.

He put his arm within hers, the better to support her, and so got her out of the room without attracting attention, since she was seated near On the veranda the cool air revived her a

"What excuse will you make for me?" she asked. "Something will be necessary. Paola will seek me at once."

"I will say that you have over-exerted your-self in the dance. Fearing a headache, you have lain down for half an hour."

"But what is the use of evading him?" cried Inex, in despair. "He has followed me here to

Don't be too sure of that," said Dillingham. 'He may know nothing of your relationship to Conna Paola. His presence here may be the merest accident. Maybe he would run from

"Perhaps. In any event he may be induced

"Willingly, since I go up or down with you."

"Go, ther!"

"He went, in time to meet Paola coming up with Harry.

"Mr. Dillingham," she asked, "have you met— Ah! I see," as the gentlemen bowed to each other. "But where is cousin Inez?" she continued. "I left her sitting here."

"She felt oppressed by the heat of the room, and had overdone the 'light fantastic,' I beliare "said Dillingham." "She has gone to be ieve," said Dillingham.

'She has gone to lie iown for half an hour."
"Inez has not felt well for two or three days," mea moment, Mr. Hazeltine, while—"
"Don't trouble yourself," said Dillingham.
"I have just come from escorting her to ber coom. She expressed a wish that you would not attract attention to her withdrawal from

not attract attention to her withdrawal from the parlors by making it seem of consequence. She will be down again before she is missed." Only half-satisfied, Paola yielded. Taking Harry among her friends, she presented him, and his distinguished appearance and polished manners won him immediate acceptance. Then she danced with him, and, for the

ally time that evening, sung at his request, and ater promenaded the veranda on his arm.

Every moment brought him more and more under her fascinations, and for a time he vieldunder her fascinations, and for a time he yielded himself up to the subtle witchery.

Under the charm of his conversation, and the magnetic influence of his vicinity, the girl did not realize how much of her attention she was conferring on this stranger. But there was one

who counted the minutes, and measured every smile with jealous vigilance.

Leslie Mansfield was in a painful predicament. A word from Harry could bring upon him the contempt not only of Paola, but of all his friends.

He managed to get our hero out of earshot of others, and said, with a cringing spirit of meaness:
"I did as you asked, feeling that, without asking your reasons, I owed you so much for saving my life, and another which is still more to me. But, by my silence, I have put myself in a false position. No one will consider the motive which actuated me, if the truth is now prought to light. For God's sake, do not be ray me! Remember, it was your own wish

But Harry cut him short with a stare of icy

"You seem to forget the essentials of a gen-tleman!" he said. tleman!" he said.
"I beg your pardon!" said Leslie, with a crestfallen air. "Of course I should have known that the secret was safe."
With a cold bow, Harry turned on his heel

and walked away.
"A life which is more to h m than his own!" "A life which is more to him than his own!" reflected our hero. "The coxcomb! But, pish! she is a woman! The lightness of his heels will make up for the emptiness of his head; and who cares for honor in 'such a love of a man!" With this bitter sneer Harry Hazeltine ban-ished gentler sentiments f. om his mind and returned to his purpose of revenge. This woman had the power to make him forget even the wrongs of his dearest friend; and reflecting on his weakness, he hated her for it—or thought

that he did Addressing a tailor's dummy to whom he had

been presented, he asked:
"Do you know a certain Don Manuel Rubio?"
"Know him?" repeated Charles Augustus.
"By Jove, I believe you! A deuce of a fellow!
Met his man and ran him through before breakfast this morning! A good appetizer, by Jove! Ha! ha!"

'Is he present this evening? I was led to un-rstand that he was a guest of Mr. Wether-," said Harry, unmoved by the other's pleas-

"Oh, but ye know it wouldn't be good for 'm to appear in society on the same day after sending a fellah to the Kingdom of Heaven—or the

And this lesson in social etiquette was given with a patronizing air that was most exaspera-

"Thank you!" said Harry, so gravely that his irony was not perceived.
"Oh, not all! Rubio played the devil and all with the fair creatures before. After this he'll distance everything on the course."
"No doubt!"
"No doubt!"

And with set teeth Harry bowed, and passed

on.

But while his fury was at its hight she met him, and her smile calmed the tempest.

Without rudeness he could not avoid asking her to join in the dance that was just forming. She had courted the invitation, by that subtle contrivance by which a lady may compass her own wishes, and her smile showed her gratification as she accepted it.

After the dance they went out on the cool veranda; and he was once more completely under her spell.

der her spell.

"I am disappointed that you have failed to meet my cousin Inez," she said, after a time. "I have been to see if she could not come down; but she is suffering from a raging headache. I know you will be pleased with her; and I hope counter present you."

soon to present you."

The name of Inez brought up a train of bitter thoughts in the mind of our hero. He determined by one desperate effort to break the spell which this woman wove about him.

"Miss Careno," he said, "I regret that I must leave you. My dearest friend is now perhaps dying, if not already dead, stricken down by the hand of Don Manuel Rubio. I came here to night with the intent to meet him, force another duel upon him, and kill him! As he is not here, I must seek him elsewhere."

At this the girl turned pale with horror.

At this the girl turned pale with horror.

"Oh, Mr. Hazeitine!" she cried, "you cannot you must not do so terrible a thing!"

"I can, and will!" he replied, with dogged

determination.

But, forgetful of all conventionalities, she caught his hands and detained him, as he was about to leave her. Then with rapid, eloquent words she denounced dueling as murder.

By his own confession he was seeking the life of a fellow mortal from a spirit of revenge. Did it lessen the crime to add suicide to murder? since he had no right to jeopardize his own life in vain. And what palliation was the fact that human law affixed no penalty, when God's law was so plain?

was so plain?

He was a Northern man, and all the weight of his early education lay with her line of argument. Indeed the project had been born of the spirit of recklessness that possessed him. He sought some desperate excitement to divert him from the fierce struggle that was going on in his breast.

She appealed to him in the name of his mother—of his sisters, if he had any. She told him that Don Manuel was the lover of her cousin, Inez—this cousin who was more than a sister to her. Was he willing to break the heart of one so dear to her?

Lastly, she presented the danger to himself. And here her voice broke down, tears sprung to her eyes, and clinging to his hands, she begged him to promise that he would desist from his

purpose.

In this crisis she who was the personification of modesty forgot maidenly reserve. The trammels of society fell away. That she had known him less than a week lost its significance. It was one soul crying out to another!

Great emotions transcend the rules applicable to the ordinary events of life. Noble natures then soar free. This woman lost nothing of her

dignity in being true to the inspiration that was

Harry was thrilled by the magnetism of this direct appeal. He was bewildered by a strange intoxication. How, he scarely knew; but he lessly. gave the promise, and got away from her and

Out in the darkness he found himself walking with hurried strides; and there were tears on

his cheeks! Were jugs. He dashed them away, and with set teeth jugs.

reached his apartments.

Passing Vikir without a glance, he swept mande aside the curtain and seized the handle of the door. It resisted his fierce wrench. It was mirth

The West Indian braced himself for the crisis that was at hand. His dark skin became a sallow yellow with pallor. He was resolved to defend his master against himself, with his life,

Then the storm burst!

CHAPTER XXIII A LOATHSOME FATE.

WHEN Donna Inez retired from the parlors, the seeing her husband enter, she was a prey to fierce alternations of defiance and despair, pacing her room like a caged tigress, now wringing her hands, now clenching them—at one moment feeling as if she had the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage to cope with him in a physical encounter the strength and courage the strength and courage the ounter, at the next prostrated by weakness and

fear.

Before retiring to rest Paola entered her already in bed. cousin's room, and found her already in bed, the tumbled drapery attesting her restlessne After sympathetic inquiry about Inez's in position, the girl expressed her regrets that it had prevented her cousin from meeting Mr. Hazeltine, but added the painful hostility of the latter toward Don Manuel, from which, how-

latter toward Don Manuel, from which, however, she had dissuaded him.

To this recital Inez listened, lying with her
face in shadow. Whatever may have been her
emotions, she held them well under control.

When it was done, she asked, pointedly:

"How came he to tell you this? Men do not
usually babble such matters to women whom
they have known scarcely an hour."

Paola blushed.

Paola blushed.

"I don't know," she said. "It was a sort of apology for taking his departure so early."

Donna Inez thought rapidly. Here was a new crisis. Why had he told this to Paola, and by what power had she dissuaded him?

Inez knew Harry's truthfulness. Having promised Paola, he would keep his word. Could it be true that he sought Don Manuel only to avenge his friend, not knowing that he had other cause for enmity? Then he could not have recognized him.

But might not his failure to recognize Don Manuel imply that he was ignorant of her identity also? Asa Dillineham had suggested this

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, shaking the door with unreasoning impatience.

"Excellenza, do you forget that the door is locked in accordance with your orders?"

"Pardon, excellenza. You charged me to retain the key, no matter what happened, or what you might do."

"Well, I have changed my mind. I revoke the command. Produce the key."

"Still pardon, excellenza. It is not your better self that speaks now."

"What! Dare are undered."

"An order of this?" he cried, shaking the door with unreasoning impatience.

"Excellenza, do you forget that the door is locked in accordance with your orders?"

"Pardon, excellenza. You charged me to retain the key, no matter what happened, or what you might do."

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"Well, I have changed my mind. I revoke the command. Produce the key."

"Still pardon, excellenza."

"You made it a test of my love."

"You refuse to obey me?"

have recognized him.

But might not his failure to recognize Don

Manuel imply that he was ignorant of her identity also? Asa Dillingham had suggested this

Ssibility.

Lastly, if he supposed her dead, and himself thus free, what was the significance of Paola's influence over him? For no one knew better than Inez the devoted friendship existing between Harry and Ned Taunton. Could he be in love with Paola already?

In any event, this much was certain:—the accomplication of the Mr. Herelting must, so no furnishment was written.

aintance with Mr. Hazeltine must go no fur-

"Paola," said her cousin, "I know nothing of the excellencies of this gentleman; but his hostility toward Don Manuel must of course be an effectual barrier between him and me; and I think I know your heart well enough to feel confident that you cannot remain unpartisan."

"But, Inez, he has given up his ennity," urged Paola.

"Of course you are at liberty to do as you please," said Inez, coldly; "but I can never under any circumstances consent to meet him."

The gentle Paola was chilled, and with a depressed heart she sought her own room.

That night was to Donna Inez a night of torment. If Harry loved Paola and sought her society, the whole scheme must inevitably be defeated.

In the morning the trio of conspirators convened, and Inez said:

"Vikir, it will prevail, if you stand firm."

"Excellenza, may I ask a favor?"

"The time for concealment is past. Thomas Kittridge, alias James Wetherby, the man whom you have last introduced into the bosom of your family, is my husband! Imagine the effect of this announcement upon my dear, confiding cousin, Paola. But these two have met, and, my word for it, are in love with each other, or will be, if further meeting is not prevented.

"Thomas Kittridge alias James Wetherby."

"Thomas Kittridge, alias James Wetherby, can you retrieve the blunder you have made?" "She shall leave the city to-morrow," said her guardian, wincing under her iteration of his

"She shall leave the city to-morrow," said her guardian, wincing under her iteration of his true name.

"Not so," objected Inez. "When she leaves the city, it must be in company with Leslie Mansfield, with a view to marrying him."

"Curse Leslie Mansfield!" growled Asa Dillingham, with an ugly scowl.

"Ello! what's the matter with you?" asked Wetherby, while Inez stared in surprise.

"Look here," said Dillingham. "I'm ugly; but I'm flesh and blood; and, demme! I'm in love with this little woman myself."

"The deuce you are!" cried Wetherby.
Inez smiled contemptuously.

"I've got another plan to propose," pursued Dillingham. "Let me have the girl; and we can divide the money just the same."

"A capital plan!" laughed Wetherby.

"Open to two or three slight objections, however," added Inez.

"What objections?"

"You rosebud of hinnocence!" cried Wetherby; "do you think we'd trust such a knave as you? When you 'ad the girl, and through 'er the title to the money, 'ow nicely you'd set hus adrift!"

"With the prospect of your splitting on me?"

With the prospect of your splitting on me? "And going to prison for conspiracy, hem bezzlement, and the Lord knows what all! Oh

But more than that, it would be impossible to force her into a marriage with you," added Inez. "My dear sir, there is a limit to human endurance. She would appeal to the public for

"Ha! ha! ha! Hit's your beauty, Hasa!"
ughed Wetherby. "Why, man, if a woman
ere to marry you voluntarily, hany court
ould set the contract aside on the ground of

hinsanity!"

Asa Dillingham smiled, putting his clammy fingers to his livid lips, and his basilisk eyes glittered in very unpleasant fashion. Perhaps he did not forego his purpose.

"Enough of this!" interposed Inez, impatiently. "Mr. Hazeltine must be excluded from the house, and our first plan pushed at ouce. There is no need of longer delay. Let Paola be notified of what she has to expect today."

That afternoon Paola was called into her guardian's presence.

"My dear," began Wetherby, with some nervousness, "I have sent for you on a very himportant matter—vital, I may say, to your

To what can you refer?" asked the girl, curiously. "You are now twenty years of hage?"

Last month.

"Last month."

"Most women are married before that hage."
"But I don't want to marry, guardie."
"Nevertheless, it would be better for you."
"But I don't love any one."
"A school-girl's notion!—the effect of the icense hallowed young people in this country. But fortunately you were born to wiser customs. By the provisions of your father's will take is place in heverything; and hacting as I know 'e would 'ave hacted, I 'ave selected a usand for you."

"Oh, guardie!"

"Oh, guardie!"
"In Hingland, as in Spain, and wherever children are 'eld in subjection to their parents or guardians, a light pair of 'eels isn't considered sufficient qualification for a 'usband. I 'ave selected a man with money and social position. None of your fly-aways; but a solid man of business—one oo will give you an es-

'Whom, guardie?" asked the girl, breathlessly.
"Hasa Dillingham!"

"Asa Dillingham!"
"Asa Dillingham!"
The girl stared, and then burst into a laugh.
"Why, guardie," she said, "I thought you rere in earnest. You look as sober as a

"And why shouldn't I be in hearnest?" demanded Wetherby, in a tone of dogged severity.
"I don't see hanything to hexcite you to

"Oh! but Mr. Dillingham!"
"Well, Mr. Dillingham, a man known and 'ighly respected by your mother."
"And therefore altogether too old for me!" said Paola, quickly—"not to add that he isn't handsome."

"'Andsome is as andsome does! As for hage, holder men ave married younger women, and appily, too. But, sentiment aside, Mr. Dillingham is a man hevery way worthy of you. 'E 'as proposed to me for your 'and; and is ready to settle twenty thousand pounds sterling on

you the day of your marriage. There's no non-sense about twenty thousand pound!"

"But I'd rather not sell myself, even for so high a figure!" Paola persisted.

"My dear, I 'ave hexpressed my wishes. Of course I hexpect obedience. Mr. Dillingham leaves for Hingland six weeks from to-day. I

ave promised im that is bride shall be ready

"No more at present. You will begin your preparations at once. If you will hexcuse me, I will take my hafter-dinner nap."

With white lips and whirling brain Paola left the library, sought her cousin Inez and cast hereaf

e self weeping into her arms.

It was the bird going to the serpent for protection and sympathy!

CHAPTER XXIV. THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

With a terrible frown Harry Hazeltine hirled upon his servant.
"What is the meaning of this?" he cried,

You refuse to obey me?"
I must protect you from yourself."
Slave!" thundered the enraged master.

White with fury he leaped upon the devoted Vikir, clutched him by the throat, dashed him to the floor with one sweep of his powerful arm, and planted a foot on his breast.

The West Indian offered no resistance; but gazing up into his master's face with sorrowing represent he said:

eproach, he said: reproach, result:

'Paola," said her cousin, "I know nothing of excellencies of this gentleman; but his hosty toward Don Manuel must of course be at ty toward Don Manuel must of course be accetual barrier between him and me; and I know that Vikir never failed the master he

"Anything, Vikir, after the wrong I have

done you."

"Speak not of that, my master. It is for you alone that I think. While you are strong in good resolves, put the temptation forever away from you. Let me enter yonder and destroy the demon!" Harry hesitated. "Excellenza, are you sincere in the purpose

ou have avowed? "Yes, Vikir."

"Then why cling to that which destroys?"
"My faithful friend, my brother, do as you ish!" cried Harry, putting all vacillation resolute from him.

lutely from him.

"Exvellenza, mil gracias! We shall triumph!" cried Vikir, delightedly.

But good resolves did not lay the demon of unrest which possessed Harry Hazeltine. A woman—one of the hated and distrusted sex—had seduced him from his loyalty to his friend. More than this, he had to confess to himself what he had not revealed to Vikir, that considerations of her had much to do with his abandonment of that room which the West Indian said contained the curse of his life.

Making inquiry at Captain Taunton's hotel, he learned that Ned was sleeping.

He found it intolerable to wait in one place, and so set out in the darkness to walk until exhaustion should subdue his excitement.

Alone in the stillness and solitude of the night, he thought of Paola, and of that other who had wreaked his life.

haustion should subdue his excitement.

Alone in the stillness and solitude of the night, he thought of Paola, and of that other who had wrecked his life. And gradually his spirit took on some of the tranquillty of the calm sky.

One thing that Paola had said recurred to his mind. She had appealed to him in the name of his mother, and of his sister, if he had one.

Now he remembered how in all his childish griefs he had gone to his mother's breast, as to a sure haven. He recalled the calm, steady light of her eye, her gentle touch, her love that never failed, and last the holy serenity of her face when she died in the hope of immortality. She had been a good woman!

There had been a little sister, too, who used to romp with him. He heard again her childish laugh of rippling music. The memory of her innocent smile shot athwart his mental vision like a ray of sunshine. How quickly, too, had sprung to her eye the sympathetic tear.

And all these things seemed to have their counterpart in Paola. It was as if the spirits of the departed had come back to woo him from his cynicism through her smile.

Oh! if he could trust her! His heart hungered for love—for woman's love. His mother—his sister—they had been true. He could never doubt them. And she was so like them!

But then the image of Inez with her fair seeming rose before his imagination; and dragging his hat over his eyes and clenching his teeth to keep back the bitter curses, the man strode on. So waged the conflict until with the dawn he sought again his friend, and afterward went to

keep back the bitter curses, the man strode on. So waged the conflict until with the dawn he sought again his friend, and afterward went to his own apartments, to snatch a little sleep. He noticed a look of suspense on Vikir's face. Opening the door to his sleeping apartment, he stopped on the threshold.

The curtain was gone. The door to the mysterious chamber stood wide open. The room itself, made cheerful by the morning sunlight streaming in through an open window, now contained nothing more terrible than easy-chairs, and books and papers and writing materials. chairs, and books and papers and writing mate

rials.

Harry Hazeltine turned pale, and bent upon his servant a look of awakening displeasure.

"Vikir!"

"Vikir"
"Excellenza, you have crossed into the enemy's country, and in the terrible struggle that is at hand you must feel that the bridges are burnt behind you."

In the face of the West Indian there was an impressive blending of humility and firmness.
"Vikir, you are right," said his master, taking his hand. "You have cut off all chance of retreat. I shall decord colors are interest.

etreat. I shall depend solely on your wisdom and sustaining strength." "Gracias, excellenza!"

Thus began a struggle which was to call into play all the physical and mental resources of this man. To sustain the fight he might draw inspiration from Vikir's devotion and Paola's the enemy would make terrible havoc

with him. She must not see him again until he was victorious. But he must see her. And in disguise he sought a fashionable park, where she drove every day. Little did she know the burning glances cast at her by an elderly gentleman who was almost altogether hidden by a jasmine vine which burdened an elm by the

But from this covert Harry saw her; and be side her rode a woman who was always vailed and had the air of an invalid.

Perhaps this companion was the cousin whom he had missed seeing? But Harry had no time to look at one in whom he felt no interest. His tention was fixed by Paola's face.
In it was an unwonted pallor and a look of istress which increased from day to day. What

could but fly to her, he would stand beween her and every sorrow. But he could not. She would have been startled by his altered ap-

A terrible change had taken place in him. His face was haggard; his eyes were staring, with almost the glitter of insanity; his nerves twitched and he was possessed by a restlessness which drove him from place to place like the

courge of a Nemesis.

Only one thing could fix his attention for nore than a moment at a time. He four where Paola's driver was in the habit of sto-ing, to breathe his horses and give the ladies ping, to breathe his norses and give the latties a view of the animated scene presented by the fashionable drive thronged with gay equipages. Here, screened by some foliage, he could sit and watch the face of the woman he loved. The frightened look in her eyes, which he had not seen there before, fascinated him, until he forest the nain that thrilled every nerve of his

of the pain that thrilled every nerve of his But before we recount the result of this es pionage, we must touch upon another event which occurred some days previous to the point we have now reached in our narrative. Two nights subsequent to the night of Paola's

Two highes subsequent to the hight of Faola's reception Vikir was passing alone through the streets when he came face to face with Don Manuel Rubio.

At sight of the Don, Vikir stopped with a smothered ejaculation, while his eyes gleamed with sudden fire, and his hand sought the handle of his dagger.

The recognition must have been mutual for

The recognition must have been mutual, for Don Manuel turned a sickly yellow with pallor. But he passed on without seeming to notice the West Indian.

"Caramba!" reflected the Spaniard. "Both have escaped the sea! And I am recognized! This devil will hunt me down! Ah! as I thought,

"Pablo Garcia!" was Vikir's mental ejaculation; and, turning, he followed the Spaniard at
a little distance.

Now hot, tropical hatred gleamed in his eyes.
He was tracking his man with the fierceness of
some wild beast in his native clime.

Without recompand to notice that he was fol-Without seeming to notice that he was followed, Don Manuel kept on. He was planning ome way to dispose of this implacable enemy. He could not appeal to the law for protection. Publicity meant death on the scaffold, as a murrous control of the scaffold, as a murrous control of the scaffold, as a murrous control of the scaffold.

derer.

Leaving the crowded thoroughfare, he worked his way toward a disreputable part of the city. Gallatin street, with its dark alleys, where crime lurked as a wild beast in its lair, offered him the opportunity he sought.

Walking rapidly, with the consciousness that Vikir was close behind him, perhaps intending to close in and avenge the murderous assault, years ago, on his master, Don Manuel turned a sharp corner and stopped.

The dismal, ill-lighted street was deserted. Some distance away he saw the light from a

Some distance away he saw the light from a red-curtained window, and heard the discordant music, and harsh voices raised in the bacchanal revel of some sailors' dance-house.

Drawing a pistol, he grasped it by the barrel firmly and waited

Vikir came round the corner.

There was a rush, a blow, and without a groan the West Indian fell to the ground. His enemy had outwitted him!

But a dark form started from the shadow. A heavy hand fell on Don Manuel's shoulder.

"Eh! you accursed bravo—"

But the words of the policeman were cut short.

hort.

A swift blow, and he reeled against the building, while his prisoner fled precipitately.

The man was only partially stunned. He had presence of mind enough to spring his rattle, and a moment later started in pursuit.

Responding whirrs sounded in other directions, and the fall of hurrying feet came through the night.

the night. Several guardians of the peace assembled, but Several guardians of the peace assembled, but their man had eluded them in the darkness. Returning, they took the unconscious Vikir to a station-house. On his recovery he stated that he had been attacked while going about his business. So the affair passed as an ordinary attempt at robbery.

But to his master Vikir said:

"Excellenza, Pablo Garcia is in the city!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 504.)

En Passant.

A BOY MARKSMAN.

Captain Bogardus, remarkable as he is as a marksman, is probably to be outdone by his own son, Eugene. At the exhibition of the boy's skill in St. Paul, Minnesota, he proved himself a real prodigy. He is but fourteen years old. A St. Paul paper, speaking of the lad's feat, says: "With his little rifle, resembling more a toy firearm than a death-dealing instrument, he astonished the lookers-on by breaking forty-seven out of fifty glass balls thrown into the air, besides many other odd and difficult feats. When Dr. Carver gave his exhibition at the fair grounds, last season, peoand difficult feats. When Dr. Carver gave his exhibition at the fair grounds, last season, people looked upon them as remarkable and wonderful. But now comes a mere youth, who, almost with a toy rifle, does equally, if not more, difficult feats. Carver used a large rifle, of which Eugene's is but a miniature copy. Eugene's shooting record yesterday is ahead of anything Dr. Carver has done. Despite a strong wind, he not only showed himself able to break glass balls, but to hit half-dollars, quarters, marbles, nickels, and even three-cent pieces. His quiet, impassive, retiring demeanor is also a matter of wonderment. Apparently unconscious of performing any extraordinary feat, he a finater of wonderment. Apparently unconscious of performing any extraordinary feat, he continues to load and fire his little piece, in no way elated at his success. Eugene is certainly a prodigy, and will, no doubt, astonish the world with still more remarkable performances is his line." in his line.'

THE FORTY THOUSAND ACRE FARM.

THE largest cultivated wheat farm on the globe is said to be the Grondin farm, not far from the town of Fargo, Dakota. It embraces some 40,000 acres, both Government and rail-way land, and lies close to the Red River. Divided into four parts, it has dwellings, granaries, machine shops, elevators, stables for 200 horses, and room for storing 1,000,000 bushels of grain. and room for storing 1,000,000 busnels of grain. Besides the wheat farm there is a stock farm of 20,000 acres. In seeding time seventy to eighty men are employed, and during harvest 250 to 300 men. Seeding begins about April 9th, and continues through the month, and is done very systematically, the machines following one another around the field, some four rods apart, for the point apart, we the machines of the contribution of the second seeds the contribution of the seeds and the seeds are the seeds country around the field, some four rods apart, cutting begins about Aug. 4th, and ends the fore part of September, succeeded by the thrashing, with eight steam-thrashers. After thrashing, the stubble-ground is plowed with great blows drawn by three horses and cutting two furrows; and this goes on until the weather is cold enough to freeze, usually about Nov. 1st. There are many other large farms in the Territory and in the neighborhood, and they are tilled in much the same manner as the Groudin. rtory and in the neighborhood, and they are tilled in much the same manner as the Groudin. The surface of the land generally is almost level, and the soil rich and black. The product of one field of 2,315 acres is 57,285 bushels—elevator weight—some twenty-five bushels to the acre. The average yield of the Dakota wheat farm is from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre, and the concurrent testimony is that it is unqualed as a wheat region in the world. equaled as a wheat region in the world.

GIGANTIC KANGAROO. Professor Cope of Philadelphia recently gave to the San Francisco Academy a description of two fossil animals. One these was an enormous vertebrate somewhat resembling an aquatic kangaroo, named the camarasauras premus. whose neck was nine feet in dineter, whose hind legs were twenty feet long, nose spinal vertebræ were fifty-six inches ross, and which must have been seventy-two meter, whose hind legs were twenty feet long, hose spinal vertebræ were fifty-six inches cross, and which must have been seventy-two across, and which must have been seventy-two feet long by measurements carefully taken. This animal could walk in forty feet of water and catch its prey with its fore-paws. He also described another similar monster found, whose spinal vertebræ were six feet across and whose hind legs were forty feet long, with carniverous teeth placed in the upper and lower jaws like shears, so as to cut up animal food, by traversing each other, in the most perfect manner. The bones of the lower half of this animal were solid and very heavy, to keen its feet down in the bones of the lower han of this animal were holid and very heavy, to keep its feet down in the water, while the bones in the upper half of ts body were built in honeycombed layers as hick as pasteboard, strong, but very light and moyant in water. This monster has been named amphicoelias fragilissimus, and must have been considerably ever one hundred foot have been considerably over one hundred feet in length. Both these animals have large and powerful tails like kangaroos, and when catch-ing their food in the water must have appeared as if on three-legged stools, the tail acting as an equal support of the tripod.

A LEADVILLE WAGER.

THERE is nothing that cannot be made the subject of a wager. In Leadville men are driven to their wits' end for matters to bet on. The Herald of that brand-new city tells of some young men who discussed the question of hanging a fortnight ago, at the mouth of a shaft. One insisted that by holding the head over forward, with the knot directly behind, respiration could be maintained for a quarter of an hour ward, with the knot directly behind, respiration could be maintained for a quarter of an hour. The others ridiculed the idea. "PII bet \$5 I can let you haul me up the shaft," said the young man, "with a rope around my neck, and PII come out alive." The idea was fascinating, the bet was formally made, the money put up, the young athlete suspended under the bucket by the neck and the engine started. The distance was seventy-five feet. The progress seemed to him very slow for about a second, and then he became unconscious. His companions were in became unconscious. His companions were in the bucket watching the experiment. They put on steam, but by the time the inanimate form eached the surface it presented a horrible ap-earance. At first it was thought that the oung man was dead, but a careful examinaoion of the body convinced a miner of experi-nce that life was not extinct, and a vigorous rubbing, with the additional influence of liquor forced down the throat, had the effect of restorconsciousness in half an hour. He now is that hanging a man by the neck will kill him if he hangs long enough. But he won his \$5.

RUSSIAN BRUTALITY.

The Russian revolutionary journals must make converts wherever they are read, when they relate revolting instances of tyranny such as this: Kabattschenko, an infirm old man, was summoned before the Burgomaster, and asked if he had brought a balance of certain taxes that were due. He begged for time, "As soon as I have earned something," he added, "I will pay all. "Wait, you old dog," shouted the Burgomaster, "I will find a way of squeezing the money from you." In the twinkling of an eye, two officials seized the trembling old man, bound him to a strong post in the court-yard, bound him to a strong post in the court-yard,

and fastened his arms with ropes to his back, the Burgomaster looking on. "Now, old beast," he cried, to the old man, who was bareheaded and motionless, "will you pay your taxes?" "Christ is my witness," was the reply, "I have not a single copeck." "Then you will remain where you are." "Set me free, for the love of God; my wife and children are famishing at home." "Pay what is due." "Have compassion on my age. I am the laughingstock of the home." "Pay what is due." "Have compassion on my age: I am the laughing-stock of the mob." "Let them laugh, old thief!" "I am fainting," groaned the poor wretch. "My lads, g ve him a shower bath." The officials obeyed by pouring two cans of cold water upon the fainting man, which restored him to consciousness. "Now unbind him," commanded the tyrant, "and take him for a walk through the streets." This having been done, the Burgomaster ordered him to be fastened to the public pillory, where he was kept for the whole night. master ordered him to be fastened to the public pillory, where he was kept for the whole night. One of the old man's children, a girl of thirteen, brought her father a small roll. The police, seizing her, flogged her almost to death, and ultimately threw her into prison. The rain then began to fall heavily. Within a fortnight the old man was in his grave.

THE NEW OPHIR.

THE mines recently discovered in the Sierra Mojada, Mexico, about which so much has recently been said, were found by a Mexican lieutenant and squad while in search of Indians. Believing that Indians made their abode in this rough and almost unapproachable region, the lieutenant proceeded to investigate and came rough and almost unapproachable region, the lieutenant proceeded to investigate, and came upon several squaws and children, and two worn - out warriors, who were congregated about the mouth of a cave molding bullets. The reds were taken in tow, when the cave was searched, and quite a quantity of silver bullets and roughly-made silver articles were found. So astonished was the lieutenant to find the precious metal put to such a common use that he made further search, discovering the very locality at which they obtained the natural ore. Their mining tools consisted principally of two or three old hatchets and axes, with which they cut the ore loose as it clung, in almost solid mass, to the side of a gigantic mountain. For years, the Indians had visited many Mexican towns, even going as far as Monclova, with caryears, the Indians had visited many Mexican towns, even going as far as Monclova, with cargoes of bullets of pure silver, which they almost gave away. But no one knew, anterior to the discovery made by the Mexican lieutenant above referred to, where they manufactured the bullets. Now the locality is swarming with seekers after wealth and the richest silver discoveries have where they coveries known have there been made

SEASONABLE!

As the social season is now about to commence, we deem it not inappropriate to lay down some leading axioms to direct certain city people in their social deportment.

As soon as it is rumored that there is to be an entertainment, persons desiring to attend should at once commence skirmishing for an invitation. If a female, she should call upon the lady at once; if her cards are out, this should prove at once; if her cards are out, this should prove no embarrassment. If she has never called be-fore she can make some excuse for the delay; if long in arrearage, she must have some adroit apology for the neglect. Male persons can usually obtain the intercession of some gentle-man; bring some business or political point to man; bring some business or political point to bear, or, when everything else is likely to fall, can brass it out with the direct begging of an invitation; or, if the entertainment is to be a

very large one, may push in uninvited.

The invitation having been obtained, it is well to display it as much as possible. Females should communicate the fact to all ac-

uaintances, especially to those who are not in-We omit full directions in reference to dress. Ladies will, of course, dress in accordance with their means and in good taste; females will dress in the inverse ratio of their means—i. e., those who have least will endeavor to dress the

What cannot be had in way of the real may What cannot be had in way of the real may be supplemented by imitation. Palais Royale diamonds are just as attractive to those who do not know the difference as the real article, are not so liable to be stolen, and, except for the purpose of pawning, are just as serviceable as those more costly gems that come from Brazil; while glass ornaments artistically colored are scarcely distinguishable from rubies, emeralds, opals, and other genuine articles of jewelry.

jewelry.

The quality of laces is not as important as the quantity, while the absence of a necklace is not observed if the corsage is sufficiently low to obring in other attractions. The secret of padding lean women out to graceful proportions is well understood; how to make obesity look slim

numbers are invited, it is well for the class to whom we are addressing this advice to go early, and if the opportunity presents itself, it may be hinted that as an intimate friend of the family you are expected to assist in the en-tertainment. If distinguished guests are present, hover

around them, address them as often as possible, and lose no opportunity to let it be known that they are old and treasured friends with whom you are upon terms of great in-

timacy. During the early part of the evening, as guests are arriving, allow no chance to pass of recognizing all among them that are important for their wealth and social position, particular attention being given to those who have elegant homes, and who are likely to entertain during the season. If you dance or promenade do not waste time upon those of your own social position, but let the motto of *Excelsior* be ever in mind.

The male person will not have eaten anything for some time in advance of the banquet, thus retaining his appetite in compliment to his host. To the female person a hearty preliminary meal of corn-beef and cabbage is recommended, so that she may not imperil her best frock in contesting with the males of her order in the conflict for graph.

in the conflict for grub.

The male person, unattended by one of the sex, is justified in being among the earliest to the banqueting-room.

By his agility he may secure the best place, by his strength he may maintain it, and by an earnest attention to the satisfying of his own

animal wants he may enjoy himself.

By dextrous use of his shoulders he may reach by dextrous use of his shoulders he may reach the length of an ordinary table. He should promptly, and without troubling the waiters, help himself. He should so load his plate that he may not require a second effort; he should maintain his position at the table, and if possible draw his chair to it.

He should have no hesitation in uncorking bottles and after he has used his class or related.

bottles, and after he has used his glass, or plate, or fork, he should pile them back upon the table, and not trouble a waiter by asking him to retire them. He should not leave the banquet-room till he has gorged himself, till the table is littered, till the wine is exhausted, and he should omit no environity to spill coffee. he should omit no opportunity to spill coffee or ice-cream upon the ladies' dresses. It encourages the dry-goods and dressmakers' trades, and upon apologizing, the lady is sure to smile, and say that "it is of no consequence." To step upon a lady's trail sometimes serves as an introduction

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

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Drama in Domestic Life

of a nature to enchain an almost impatient attention, so deeply must it arouse the reader's feeling and sympathies. In plot the work is quite a new departure, and in detail unfolds, chapter by chapter, such a limning of hearts, passions and traits as betray both the author's consummate knowledge of men and women and her admirable tact as story-teller.

Marion, the Beautiful Siren, and Madge, the Purest of the Pure. Effie, the Angel of the Hospital, Hugh St. Morse, the Wronged Husband,

Carrol, the Deceived and Deceiving,

Lisle, the Bad and the Good,

are dramatis personæ of clear-cut and signal excellence, whose various and diverse characters, in the conflict of an almost tragic and most singular series of events, give to the story very striking and effective conditions. The romance will add measurably to the author's popularity, and by her large circle of admirers be received enthusiastically.

Albert W. Aiken Again!

We have in hand, to follow Mrs. Crowell's notable serial novel, a new work of characteristic novelty in person, plot and story, from the pen of the author of "Bronze Jack," "Fresh of Frisco," etc., etc. It is equally a romance of adventure, legal rascality, personal achievement and love-of deepest interest and distinguished by that delightful flavor which renders Mr. Aiken's productions so popular and acceptable.

And letters continue to come, day after day, underpaid in postage. When each mail turns up a number of letters marked "due 3c.," "due 6c.," etc., it is pretty evident that correspondents are either very careless or de- tianity than the devotion to any creed or the sign to cheapen the cost of correspondence at the publishers' expense. Which?

"If declined," says a contributor, "will you kindly say why?" A request often made but almost uniformly "declined with thanks." We hitherto have explained how impossible it is for an editor to give reasons. He may have a dozen reasons wholly independent of literary demerit, for not accepting-which he cannot explain; or, if he rejects a contribution because of its want of proper merit, to give reasons is to add to his paid duties the unpaid office of critic and teacher. Only in rare instances can he depart from the necessary rule to give no reasons for his failure to accept story, sketch or poem.

Sunshine Papers. The Lady.

"ARE there," asks a cynical old bachelor, "any ladies left in the world? There are plenty of upstart misses, plenty of young wo men and old women; but are there any ladies If so, where are they? How shall they be

Yes, we believe there are a few ladies in the world—a few perfect ladies; as few, perhaps, as there are perfect gentlemen. And when the doubting questioner propounded so grave a on, we think he meant no disrespect, by his fashion of wording it, to the good name most perfect man who ever trod the earth, in His would simply distinguish between the great mass of womankind and those, the flower of graces of demeanor and character supposed of less hard to bear. And "he is not dead yet,

to find, their home, when discovered, may as often prove a cottage as a palace.

Not position, nor wealth, nor birth, can make a lady, though all of these may, and should, onduce to that gentle and noble deportment which ranks the gentlewoman superior to her ordinary feminine sisterhood. Whether the ordinary feminine sisterhood. Whether the wife of a plowman or the wife of a lord, a dweller in a mountain cottage or a presidential palace, but able to read and write or familiar with all the accomplishments of modern learning, veined with the blood of royalty or the blood of slavery, the lady is a lady "for a that," and discoverable to all who know a per fect lady when they meet her. I have heard t often said of a negro woman, who, in her youth and the long-ago days of Northern slave-holding, was the property of my ancestors, that she "was one of the most perfect ladies who ever trod the earth;" and I have in my mind, now, a lady of education, refinement and wealth in regard to whom every one says—no matter how long or how short the fect lady!

So you see, you cynical man, that there are some ladies—ladies easily recognizable as such
—in existence; and you may look for her, everywhere—not that you will find her every where—until you discover her and lose your bachelor heart.

In church—she never stares about her never turns to look back; never whispers, nor yawns, nor fidgets; never exchanges recogni ions with her friends during the time of ser vice. She does not come late, in order to display her apparel, nor make a furore by rustling up the aisle and into the pew; nor does she insist upon having a certain seat, to the inconvenience of others. She is careful not to attire herself for the worship of God as if going to a promenade concert or a ball, not to wear anything so strikingly peculiar or gay as to distract the attention of her neighbors from the olemnity of the service. When she leaves church it is not after spending a half-hour in gossip and small-talk, neither is it with dis-dainful disregard of all those members of the same communion less richly dressed than herself and more lowly in station; for all, she will have a kindly smile, a graceful greeting; and for those whose families have suffered from sickness or bereavement, an interested in-

If among the women who are shopping, the perfect lady is sought, she will not be discovered giving the clerks needless trouble talking loudly, speaking impatiently and dic tatorially to those who serve her. She will ne ver be heard "beating down" a shopman; sh will never be caught buying coarse and cheap inderwear at the expense of showy hats and dresses; she will never neglect the smiling "If you please," or, "May I trouble you?"; she will never forget the kindly "Thank you," for ser

vices rendered. When traveling, the perfect lady is plainly dressed; she makes no show of jewelry, she i quiet-mannered; she does not fuss, nor worry or talk loud, nor betray excitability, irrita bility, nor selfishness; she does not stare at people, nor allow her children, her servants, or er pets, to inconvenience or annoy any on she accepts favors gratefully, she declines them

As a guest, the lady is chary of giving unnecessary trouble; she consults the rules and regulations of the house, she shows her appre ciation of every effort to give her pleasure; as a hostess, her aim is to have her guests well acquainted and enjoy themselves thoroughly; she neglects no effort within her power and means to please and entertain them, and she sees to it that while they are in her home their preferences are consulted, their tastes considered; their views and prejudices respected.

Among her children, the perfect lady is mother, friend, confidante, playmate, adviser; she always speaks softly, and gently, and truthfully; she is just and merciful, respected and reverenced, and her word is law. With her servants it is the same; she is always mistress of the situation, but mistress in so kindly and gentle a fashion that they are scarcely conscious of being ruled; and she is not mis tress, alone, but kindest friend and coun-

The perfect lady is always revered and be loved of the poor; she is never haughty, never arrogant, never selfish, never cruel; she makes no boast of her wealth; she never holds herself superciliously superior to those whose advantages have been less than her own. She is low-spoken, she is glad to please, she is al ways the same. The true lady is the Christian woman—using the term in no sectarian sense, but its broadest and its fullest; for she who can rightfully lay claim to the graces of perfect ladylikeness is she whose every thought and is an exponent of that golden rule the adoption of which, as a life-principle, is a hundred times more sure a sign of a noble Chrisrepetition of any confessional.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

FOR OTHERS' SAKE

I THINK one of the most beautiful little inidents I have come across in my random readngs is that of the old man who was planting me trees, and who answered the remark "Why should you do this when you cannot expect to live to see the trees attain their growth?" with the following: "I plant them that others may enjoy their shade, just as those did who planted these for you and me." beautiful speech, but a more beautiful deed. Working for others' sake.

This brought to my mind another incident, more homely perhaps, but none the less true, and just as unselfish. Some people detest certain kinds of food, and I have known one person so affected by the scent of beets or onions as to almost cause a faintness to come over her, if she prepared them for the table. Many have asked her why she ever has these things and throve so greatly that they established n her house if they are so disagreeable. "Why, because others like them; those who do like them shall not be deprived of their treat, even if they affect me so strangely." A good woman, that, and if she is unselfish in little things really common about Boston—and then it was will she be selfish in greater?

Still another incident comes before me, but it is a case where one is *not* willing to do a little deed of kindness for another's sake. deaf are very sensitive and are apt to feel slights perhaps more keenly than others. I have and if the maid was anxious to have her swain a friend afflicted in that manner. She prefers take his hat and his departure at 11 o'clock to have people write their communications she didn't let the fire go out first as they do woman which has been honorably used by the rather than shout them. One selfish being never visits my friend, giving as an excuse that the old man never had to growl much about his address to His mother. The unbelieving bachelor it is such a trouble to write down all he would wood bill. because he is not willing to do one little act of their sex, who have inherited or cultivated those kindness to make the burden of another's life The people were a fearless and simple race and old to belong only to the female of royal descent—the titled lady. And while, now, those who—and one things happen to him whereby he may among them and put on just as much style if paraphrase Tennyson's words—can "bear become a burden upon others. What if it be he was so disposed. Their hospitality was

we never put ourselves out for others' sake? I should think that one who can make another's life run smoother in the grooves would deem it a pleasure and not a task to do so. What if there be no reward accompanying it; kindness, goodness, thoughtfulness, unselfishness—like virtue—are their own reward. You will not repent working for others' sake.

Two of the happiest companions that ever formed a friendship for each other were one who was partially deaf and the other totally blind. It was almost a lesson to see these two together, for it taught one how a person could be happy even though he were deprived of one of his senses. You may have thought it strange that these two should form such a friendship, yet there was nothing so singular in it. Both had an affliction, each felt for, and pitied the other-not only pitied, but helped nim; one was ears to the deaf, the other, eyes to the blind. As others gradually drew away from these two they naturally came closer to gether. At first it seemed a duty for them to do what they could to make life sweeter for he other; then that duty grew into a pleasure and where others might have been discontent ed under infirmities, they found contentment and happiness; and in ministering to each other's afflictions, and striving to make them lighter, they seemed to forget their own. And ve might be of more use in this world were we to live for others' sake.

"And do we not live for others' sake?" Maybe, sometimes. But is it not done too often for the sake of some reward? Would we as tenderly nurse and care for those who had naught to leave behind them when dead, and no means to pay for comforts while living, as we would one who was possessed of an ample fortune which would come to us at his decease? Are we as willing to do a favor for those who can pay us only in thanks as for those who will reward us with money?

Are we as glad to welcome the simple as the grand? Do we treat homespun as well as broadcloth, if the former lacks the greenbacks? Don't we show by our words, and in our ac tions, the difference between the stations held by the rich and poor? In passing through the streets do we not bow low to the one who has a large account at the bank and feel it an nonor to do so, while we pass working men and women with a slight nod, as though we were almost ashamed to acknowledge such ac-

But all this is not living for others: it is acting from an interested motive; we expect to reap some benefit from it; the point is too thin not to be discovered. We are not working for others' sake, but for the sake of our own selfish EVE LAWLESS.

What I Know of America.

BY WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE ICELANDERS IN AMERICA.

HISTORY is without doubt the greatest inrention of the age, and the noble historian who, for the benefit of the Future, describes orrectly, and without bias, the epochs of the Past, and, although he is hard up, wouldn't tell a lie for money, is one of the grandest heroes of all time. Make much of him; don't step off the sidewalk to get by him; take him to your homes; invite him to your hospitable table, and do not allow him to ask you twice for the loan of a five-dollar bill.

I was naturally led into this train of thought in looking backward over the preceding por tion of this history. When I was a boy I used to be licked for telling the truth so much, and I thought it wasn't fair; not that it might not be things which I hadn't ought to tell, but because it was the truth, anyway. The trouble of most histories is too much sameness; there is so little originality in them that if you take up any two histories of the same land you will find them quite alike, and therefore monotonous. Originality is one of the main features of our celebrated family and its records.

Far to the north of England, pretty nearly in the same place where it is now, in those early times laid the little island of Iceland washed by the frozen waves of the Aurora Borealis or Arctic Sea, which surrounded it pretty much entirely. This island was the eat of all the cold weather that flowed down over Europe, and made even kings blast their eyes and blame their nose.

The inhabitants were a hardy set, according to Hardee's tactics, and lived on cold weather and fish. They were fearless and strong, with manners so entirely free from the convention alities of courtly life that they didn't know anything about it. They were not happy unless they were half-frozen, and always ate ice-cakes for tea and boiled their coffee cold. They originally had winter twelve months out of the year, and so, to have more months of winter in the year, they made each year have

About a hundred years after the downfall of the Northmen in America a colony of Ice landers by some means learned that railroad lands could be entered cheap in Vineland, and wood enough on their island to build a vessel. they embarked on an iceberg which was en route for the West, and landed in the vicinity of Boston in 927 Anna Domino, where they soon began to settle—everything except their debts, and built the ancient and renowned city of Iceopolis in course of time.

These people were a cold, classical set, and the old documents say that, as the winters be-fore were remarkably mild they brought with them much of the extremely cold weather of their frozen island, and made the winters so severe that most of the old resident Indians froze off. The present Boston winters, in a measure, are owing to their introduction by

They introduced ice-cream into this country

They loved cold weather so well they always selected the freezingest days to promenade or thronged. On the coldest night the Icelandic youth and maid leaned over the front gate of sat upon the step when their warm words of love and affection would freeze as soon as they were uttered unless they were caught quick now, but she put more wood in the stove, and

This was one of the grandest old colonies that ever set up housekeeping on our shores out aristocracy—the richest man could without abuse the good old name of gentlewoman"—The Lady—are indeed something hard

Are we expected to jog along at ease and ly if you had watched out for the dog and may smite them.

never have anything but our own way? Must knocked at their door, and they would have been glad to see you, coming as you would have done from the present day. Object was no money to them; they did not care any more for a dollar than you do for a hundred cents. If they would borrow a chew of tobacto they would return it as soon as they were through with it, and a man who was so un-selfish as to lend money never could have

struck a better lot of clinging friends. By law the men dressed alike and the wonen likewise; this was righteous and just. Otherwise whenever a man borrowed another's coat they would have known it on the pot; and it also prevented one woman dressing better than another and getting her face

Among the many heroic deeds and achievements which they performed, and which will live in the shining pages of history forever, was the introduction of beans, which, before, the Western World had rolled on oblivious of. throned tyrants, and wasted the people, but what conqueror ever before furnished the beans? Hunt in your source of the beans? Hunt in your source of the beans? what conqueror ever before furnished the beans? Hunt in your soup, and if you should Step into Estes and Lauriat's. happen to find one throw yourself into a mus-ing attitude, and give thanks to the worthy Icelanders, and also to your landlady for in troducing a bean into your bean soup. Has not the Boston baked beans, in company with Boston philosophy, come to be world-wide, until now everybody knows beans? and if it had not been for beans what would we know now?

They found the summers longer than in Iceland, and they were very severe on them along in the earlier years of the colony; they were greatly alarmed for fear they wouldn't keep, but looked for themselves to spoil; so, to prevent such a catastrophe, they stored vast quantities of ice, and during the hot weather they ate nothing but ice and dwelt in ice-houses. As a consequence, their bards worked entirely on odes to Winter and Beautiful Snow, but, fortunately for us, none of them are now ex-

They occupied the country about a hundred and fifty years, and then were wiped out ut-terly by the hordes of Northern Esquimaux, who came down on a whaling expedition, in a series of battles, for the E.'s in those days were very warlike, but the warm weather drove them back to their own holes in the ice, and the Indians came in again with a hop, skip and

Topics of the Time.

—The Paris fashion is to have no bridemaids, the brothers, cousins, and other relatives and friends of the bride who are less than twelve years of age taking their place, and waiting on the bride throughout the wedding-day. They dress alike, usually in red or blue velvet, with silk stockings.

-It is estimated that there are in the United —16.18 estimated that there are in the United States over 400,000 railway cars of all kinds and 16,000 engines. These engines and cars, in traveling over the roads, lose annually between four and five millions of nuts. These will weigh over 1,500,000 pounds, and their cost is between \$30-000 and \$40,000.

-- Christina, the new Queen of Spain, is very —Christina, the new Queen of Spain, is very girlish-looking, a pretty, fair-haired, shy and slender young lady, with a pleasant smile and amiable manners. "Her character is frank, her temperament gay," said King Alphonso, in speaking recently of his betrothed. "She is resolute, she unites all the qualities of the best types of the Viennese, for which I have much symmethy."

—The Belcher is now the deepest mine on the Continent. The incline has reached a perpendicular depth of 3,000 feet, and starting from a level of 900 feet, makes its dip at an angle that requires 160 feet in order to make 100 feet in perpendicular depth. The mine is said to be in excellent order, and if ore be found on the new level it can be brought to the surface with externo facility. treme facility.

-Standing Bear, the Ponca chief who has —Standing Bear, the Fonca chief who has been visiting Boston, is described as a man of immense frame and imposing presence. He has peculiarly sad eyes, and a worn and despondent aspect; but as he speaks he grows earnest, and his face lights up. Brighteyes, the girl who interprets his speeches, is remarkably intelligent. She is twenty-four years old, and intends to study at Wellesley College.

It has been commonly supposed that China

—It has been commonly supposed that China, in its densest portions, embraced more inhabitants within a square mile than any other country on the globe, but some of the best judges put the population of China proper at not over 300,000,000, and say that if the country were as densely populated as some parts of Europe it would readily support a population of 500,000,000. Famines, rebellions and foreign wars have kept down the natural increase in

—It is said that Krants, the German state executioner who beheaded Hoedel last summer, is besieged by fashionables in search of "relics." They come to him in state, with their coaches and liveried equipages, in search of hair-cuttings of criminals, bloody handkerchiefs and napkins, a glove, or what not. One would think that the days of George Selwyn, who used to see all the executions in London and Paris, and had the best collection of hangmen's cools in all Europe, had not passed away.

-Physicians here claim that a great deal of the lager beer is poisonous, because the glucose put into it is formed from corn-meal and impure sulphuric acid. If the acid were pure, the glucose, they admit, would not be injurious; but the impure acid is naturally much cheaper than the pure, and serves their purpose so much better in prematurely ripening the beer that they would employ it, even if it were dearer. Some of the physicians, who say that they have analyzed various beers, maintain that it s all more or less poisonous from the cause

named.

—The world's production of sugar has grown to enormous proportions. Brazil produces 400,-000,000 pounds, the British colonies 600,000,000, and the Dutch colonies 400,000,000. Beet-root sugar is produced in France to the enormous aggregate of 900,000,000 pounds, in Germany 700,000,000, and in Russia 500,000,000. The amount of cane sugar produced in all countries is now 5,000,000,000 pounds, and of beet-root sugar 2,000,000,000; grand total of raw sugar produced in the whole world, 7,800,000,000 pounds, more than double that produced twenty-five years ago. ty-five years ago.

-During the late "break" in the stock market, the lambs, as all greedy, unsophisticated outsiders are now dubbed in Wall street, lost, it s estimated, from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 by their redundant credulity. The lambs are inva-riably buyers on margins—if they should buy outright, they would not be lambs-and gener ally, when their margins have been exhausted once or twice, they cannot make them good, so that they are obliged to stand helpless and see their last chance disappear. What they seem unable to understand is, that under the most favorable convertigations. unable to understand is, that under the most favorable circumstances, they have no reasonable prospect of gain with their paltry hundreds or thousands, while matched against the wolves' controlling millions. But they have the passionate faith of gamblers, and also the fatuity of gamblers, who learn nothing and forget everything while the mercenary mania possesses them. It might be thought that their late experience would teach them a lesson. But it won't. The lambs, and, indeed, all men who hope to make money irregularly, never learn hope to make money irregularly, never learn by experience. They blindly worship Fortune, and believe in her implicitly, however often she

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Lines for an Album;" "The Bottle ap;" "The Fairy Circle;" "The Goblin of Anjou;" Demon Rocks;" "Ghost of Santanda;" "A Saffron ye;" "Changed;" "The New Man;" "An Eye for Kiss;" "Spiritus Mea;" "Not a Genius;" "The potted' Placer;" "Nangasoki Jerry;" "A Bine ose;" "Judge Boomer's Boom."

Declined: "The Ashford Tragedy;" "Farewell to My Friends;" "Meg;" 'Snowed in Tales;" "The Mills of the Gods;" "A Day's Programme;" "My Mistake;" "Joe versus Eli;" "P. K;" "Go In and Win;" "The Brownie Nest;" "A Telescope for 'wo;" "Spondulicks;" "Charley Lover's Lay Out;" "The Naiad on Silk;" "The Compliments of the Seaon;" "Brown Hair or Black,"

ZAIDEE. Byron never was married to the countess. ONLY LISTEN. See Christmas Stories in next num

ROYAL KEENE. Cannot now answer. Ask your CONSTANT READER. The 15th of August, 1840, was Saturday.

JANE SMYTHE. We have no "regular terms." See article in No. 500.

Vicar. Joe Phenix is not one of the "Dick Talbot" series. It is a City Life and Detective story. Address Mr. Aiken, through our care. CHESTER. Always use black ink for MSS. These "fancy" inks are the compositor's abomination. Also use small letter or commercial note-paper as

GOPHER JOHN. Dexter's best accepted time, 2.17%, as been beaten by several horses. It probably is rue that horse-speed is increasing. Goldsmith Maid as scored 2.14; Rarus 2.13%, and St. Julien 2.13%.

Young Man. Never settle in any place—and es-ecially in a new country—until you have visited the pot and investigated all its conditions. Nebraska as many a growing young town worthy of your

D. D. We know of but two or three biographies of Kit Carson, the elder. Kit Carson, the young lexan we do not understand to be any relative of bld Kit. The lists of books you ask for have been

ent.

Gipsy Maid. We know no more what makes the lair black, brown, flaxen, golden, red, etc., than why he eye is vari-colored. It is somewhat due to what s known as "temperament," but why the capillaries should secrete different-colored fluids no one

ADA. It seems to us your moods are rather the result of indifference than of actual laziness or inapacity to learn. If you could attend such lectures is those by Proctor or Dr. Lord you would have an interest and ambition aroused that would give your mind a decided impetus. At any rate get and read titentively such books as will be likely to excite that interest. Real school study may be dry and repelent, but there is, after all, another kind of study by leeply-interesting books and lectures and assocition with the right kind of people which will avail to well qualify you for life.

Julia Morrill. When a gentleman calls upon a

ation with the right kind of people which will avail to well qualify you for life.

Julia Morrill. When a gentleman calls upon a lady, he hands his card to the servant to be taken to the lady, he role in the lady, herself, his card, or to the lady for whom he has asked. It is not "the thing" for him to hand the lady, herself, his card, or to leave it upon the card-basket—unless he has failed to see her, or he desires to give her his address.—It is a very selfish proposal from any man to a woman that she should give up all other company for his, when he "has no expectation of marrying;" and no lady of good common sense would accede to such a proposal, for she would, virtually, be shutting herself off from chances to marry, by denying other gentlemen her acquaintance and friendship.

Careful Housewife. Your ewers and waterpitchers should be fresh filled from the pump in the morning, just before the family arise. Cold water, in an uncooved vessel, set in an inhabited room, so that, while the air will have become purer, the water will be filthy; and the colder the water the greater its capacity for containing noxious gases. No one should use water that has stood (uncovered) over an hour or so in a room, and should no more think of drinking such than of imbibling rank poison; for it is taking, through the pores of the skin and the stomach, all the impurities of lungs and bodies that people in the room have thrown off.

Jonn B. writes: "Do you approve or disapprove of sour men drinking together?" I ask because I

John B. writes: "Do you approve or disapprove of young men drinking together? I ask because I have never been in the habit of doing it, but I know that I am often thought unsociable and laughed at for my refusals; and I sometimes think I will occasionally account when select to 'take a drink'.

gained an iota with business acquaintances.

Nan Nan asks: "What is the difference between an infectious and a contagious disease? Which is scarlet fever?" An infectious disease is one spread abroad by some common cause, a miasmatic atmosphere, imperfect drainage, etc. A contagious disease is one contracted by contact with the sick person, or his surroundings. Sometimes, however, contagious diseases become epidemical, through certain meteorological conditions, and persons are assailed by them without any contact with other sufferers.—Scarlet fever is highly contagious, especially when the patient is in a convalescent state; for then the skin peels off in little flakes, which are full of the seeds of disease. Books which have been handled at such a time by the invalid should be consigned to the fire.

Levi H. writes: "What kind of a ring is most

handled at such a time by the invalid should be consigned to the fire.

LEVI H. writes: "What kind of a ring is most worn for a wedding ring? How much ought it to cost? When should the groom give it to his bride? What is it customary to put inside? Is there any good reason, or is it only a custom, why it should be worn upon the third finger of the left hand? If you will answer these questions for me, you will do a great favor." A plain gold ring, about eighteen carats fine, is ordinarily used for a wedding ring. If finer, they wear away easily; and you would scarcely care to give one less pure—though, the less the number of carats the cheaper the ring. The favorite ring is a flut, thick, broad band with square edges; though some still prefer the old-fashioned rounded circlets.—From five to fifteen dollars, according to the purity and size of the ring.—Immediately after the service, if the couple are not married with the ring, when the groom puts it on the bride's finger at the words, "With this ring, I thee wed," etc.—The initials of bride and groom, and the date of their marriage. A motto may be added, to suit the taste of the giver.—That finger has been considered sacred since remote ages, and hence consecrated to wear the wedding ring. The Greeks and Romans believed that finger to be intimately connected with the heart, and to possess the power of healing wounds, and detecting poisons in medicinal preparations.

wounds, and detecting poisons in medicinal preparations.

JULA writes: "I am eighteen years old, and have a lover. We have been engaged about six months. I am considered a good reader, and have frequently read at private parties; and not long since I was solicited to read at a large public entertainment. My lover coaxed so hard, and got-so angry, that I did not, however; but now I have an offer of \$10 and a carriage sent, if I will read at a concert. My lover is angry at the idea of it, but I wish to do it very much. Do you not think him selfish and unreasonable to act in such a manner? I should be so happy to earn the money, and my friends are advising me to take more lessons in elocution, and get all the engagements I can. If I do, I am sure it will put an end to everything between my lover and myself, as he thinks it "a disgrace" for a woman to "earn money" or make herself at all public. What would you advise? Shall I make my way in the world and let my lover go?"—We think your lover decidedly unreasonable. It is no more disgraceful for you to earn money, than for him to earn it; and if you are blessed with a talent that can give pleasure to the public and win a recompense for yourself, there is no wrong nor disgrace in your putting it to use. Make up your mind whether you are willing to marry a man who is "selfish, unreasonable," and has a low ideal of womanhood, and, if not, follow the advice of

ANSWER.

Oh, cunning poet of a well-tuned lyre, You've trespassed on the silvery voice of speech, And lighted it with a Promethean fire, Through earth and sky, where symphonies can reach.

"The sweet warm rain" is not a silence falling, But low-toned message from an All-wise power— A measured, mystic poem, softly calling Man's promised harvest and the tender flower.

The lightning's flash companioned with the thunder I care not if its voice be loud or low, To me has language; and transfixed, I wonder At Him whose hand has fashioned all below.

"The still, small voice" does not convey a silence;
Tis silver, coined in crucible of mind,
Then whispered forth in a harmonious cadence,
In softest sweetness on the passing wind.

The brooklet's babble or the meteor's hissing— Oh, list their teaching, dear and honored bard! A poet's heart can understand their language And drink with rapture every potent word.

But earth, air, sea hath each a language Whether in storm, or wind, or foam-capped waves, For Nature's book is written full and plainly, Though man may win his knowledge from its

How Their Happiness Came.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

St. Clarence stood looking at her, his face full of white pain, his grave handsome eye showing eloquently the anguish and desolation

For a moment earlier, Winifred Champney had refused him—gently, tenderly, with distress on her sweet, pure face and keen regret that she was forced to make him suffer so, in her low,

pitiful tones.

But, for all her sweetness and tenderness and sympathy and distress she had been resolute.

"I so thank you for your regard for me, Mr. St. Clarence—I shall ever remember it as one of the brightest spots in my life. But"—and her voice had lowered to an inexpressibly gentle tone, whose very carefulness and pitifulness maddened him—"I do not love you, and I would not dare marry where I did not love."

She was so sweet and winsome to see, so womanly and delicate for a girl of nineteen. And so lovely in her beauty—slight, graeeful, dig-

mainy and deficate for a girl of mineteen. And so lovely in her beauty—slight, graceful, dignified, always a little more grave and thoughtful than other girls of her age and position in society, and even more grave and dignified since the troubles had come upon her that left her to face the world without parents or money.

St. Clarence had always worshiped her, since the time a year or so before when her father had taken him home to dinner one evening and introduced him to Mrs. Champney and Winifred, with an after ardent recommendation to their notice and friendship.

And now when in one little half year, there

notice and friendship.

And now, when, in one little half-year, there had occurred the startling series of pitiful calamities to the girl, her parents both taken from her, and the magnificent home literally sold over her head, it had been, as Winifred said, one of the brightest memories of those inexpressibly weary times that Carrol St. Clarence had offered her his hand and love, his name and fortune.

Only she could not accept because, as she had gently, honestly told him, she did not love him. And to such a girl as Winifred Champney, St. Clarence's fortune and social position were no

Clarence's fortune and social position were no temptations, whatever.

So St. Clarence had made his ardent, passionful plea, and been rejected, and then, stood looking at the sweet, pure pale face that his heart and soul so longed to gather to his breast, and kiss forever away the solemn shadows out of the dusky eyes.

and kiss forever away the solemn shadows out of the dusky eyes.

"But I cannot have you go out in the world and be buffeted about as a cruel Destiny arbitrarily chooses! Winifred—even if you don't love me, let me take you and care for you! Winifred, my dear little girl, do you think I can endure the luxuries and elegancies of my lonely home, knowing the woman I love, the woman I want, is working for daily wages, perhaps hungry, perhaps not suitably clothed, often weary and lonely, and certainly with no one to cherish and protect? Oh, my darling, be merciful! Come to me and let me teach you how to love me. I will try to be content with what you can give me—friendly trust and regard. Winifred—think again, I pray you!"

think again, I pray you!"
She shook her little dusky head, that was so irmly and proudly poised on her fair white

"It cannot possibly be, dear Mr. St. Clarence. I am not afraid to face the world, but I am afraid to bestow my hand where my heart cannot be

And with her firm, gentle resoluteness he had to be content; and he went away from the plain to be content; and he went away from the plain little boarding-house, where, in exchange for music lessons to two refractory girls, Winifred was allowed comfortable accommodations—went away with his heart crushed to the very earth, and feeling as if never again would the sun shine golden-bright for him.

While Winifred went slowly up to the little plain room which was not so pleasant as had been the servants' rooms in Mr. Champney's avenue mansion.

ere was a little look of pain on her mouth and a deep, troubled expression in her eyes as she sat patiently down to some sewing.
"I could not have done otherwise—oh, it would have been dreadful to have promised to

be his wife just because he could save me from this life! I wish I could love him, I have tried and tried, and I cannot care.

And then, the matter thus conscientiously set tled in her own mind, Winifred went on in her plain, new, dull little way of living, to be sud-denly and sharply aroused from it, a day two or three weeks later by a telegram from Carrol St. Clarence, that briefly said only this:

"I am dying. Will you come to me?"

Dying! Her one good friend, her one dear friend. Dying. It seemed a cruel mockery to think of his dying in the flush and glory of ma-turity, with everything in the world to live for. She hastened to him as fast as the first express

she hastened to him as fast as the first express train could take her, to find him lying pale and peaceful, waiting for the woman he loved.

He could still speak, wearily, laboredly, but his face grew radiant with a tenderness that seemed less of mortal joy than the reflection from the hither shore, when she knelt weeping by him

"No—this is best for me, Winifred," he said, tenderly. "I would rather die like this, with you here beside me, than live without you. My darling, do you know why I have sent for

Even amid all the pity and desolation in her heart, she shivered at his suggestive words.

"Oh, my friend Carrol—"

"Oh, my friend Carrol—"
He interrupted her, quietly.
"I want you to let me give you my name before I go, dear. I want you to know how thoroughly, how perfectly I love you. You will not refuse? It is the last request I shall make of a human being—don't refuse me this—don't send me away—out yonder—without granting me this. It will not hurt you, Winifred—I will not be here to annoy—you will be comfortable and happy and free as ever—and I—"
He smiled in her horrified eyes.
"Oh, Carrol—no! no! I cannot take advantage of you—I dare not be so cruelly selfish—!"

tage of you—I dare not be so cruelly selfish—!"
I understand, dear—fully. But, you seem
to forget how it will take the last sting from my dying pillow, how it will lighten the way clear to the Beyond if I may know my wife

weeps for me."

Her beautiful face was pale as his, her eyes glowed like dusky stars, her voice was clear, intense.

"Will it do that for you, my friend? Knowing all you know, will it please and comfort you?"

"It will make me welcome death to call you my wife one little hour!"
"Then, Carrol, whenever you are ready, I

And so, a half-hour later, the family clergy-

And so, a half-hour later, the family clergyman stood at Carrol St. Clarence's bedside, and in the presence of the dying man's mother and sister, and the gray-haired physician, Winifred Champney was made Carrol St. Clarence's wife. Nor, except for the mortal pallor of her face, and the deathly coldness of her hand, did the man who loved her know of the terrible agony that was in her mind.

And then, the minister went away, and Effic St. Clarence kissed the dear, peaceful, radiant face on the pillow, and threw her arms around Winifred's neck and sobbed out her anguish and gratitude, and the dear, quivering-lipped old

will red s neck and sobbed out her angush and gratitude, and the dear, quivering-lipped old mother blessed her boy's wife, and Dr. Dudley shook her hand warmly.

"I only wish I might have seen this under other circumstances, Mrs. St. Clarence," he said, and nobody but the man who loved her saw the uncontrollable shudder that surged over Winifred at sound of the new name.

uncontrollable shudder that surged over Winifred at sound of the new name.

An hour or so later the family lawyer was closeted with St. Clarence, and when Winifred was called in, afterward, her husband's face was so exquisitely peaceful and satisfied that it almost startled her.

"Dr. Dudley tells me there is only an hour or so more, in all probability—everything is done, my wife. I am at peace with the world, my conscience and my God. Sit here, with me, dear, until—the last. I want your sweet face to be the last I see this side."

So there they were, she, cold, pale, strung to

to be the last I see this side."

So there they were, she, cold, pale, strung to a nervous tension that was agony to endure, and he—perceptibly growing further and further away, until, like a baby on its mother's breast, he closed his eyes, and—

All through the night they watched and waited for the breath to flutter away forever, and just when the dawn began to break Dr. Dudley took his fingers off the wrist, and turned with a choked, solemn voice:

choked, solemn voice:

"Thanks be to God! Carrol will live! The crisis has passed and his pulse has been strengthening steadily for fifteen minutes!"

And the next second Winifred lay in a dead faint on the floor beside her husband's bed.

Her husband! And he would live! And she did not here high. -did not love him! God be pitiful!

Such fearful days followed-and yet nobody but they two understood anything about it, and even they did not wholly understand each other.

Such awful days when Winifred prayed that at heart she might not be a murderess, that God would give her strength to endure the life forced upon her; when St. Clarence cursed the fate that spared him, because she was so cruelly punished by the mistake of it all.

Days and weeks and months passed, finding Winifred always at her post, always where a fond, loving wife would be; finding her growing more and more patient and even more sweetly gentle than ever if that were possible—while St. Clarence grew restless and impatient and the one great dread of his life, the dread lest she should after awhile hate him instead of being simply indifferent as she was now, grew on him like a nightmare.

Until, one day he announced his intention of

Until, one day he announced his intention of going abroad—to gain strength, he told Winifred—to rid her of him she knew so well he

meant.

"And alone, Carrol?"

"Alone—certainly," he said, almost harshly in his bitterness. For who was there in all the world to go with him?

So, he made his preparations, with a heart heavy as lead—a heart that suffered untold agony as he saw the new glad light that was daily coming in his wife's eyes—joy at the speedy prospect of being separated from him, temporarily.

temporarily.

And then, he said good-by, and went his way, by easy stages, and frequent stops, until he reached the lovely summer land of Florida—a heartsick, heartsore man, who would rather have laid down his life than to live longer the solitary, loveless, existence that Fate had an

solitary, loveless existence that Fate had apportioned him.

And yet—despite all his bitterness, his soulsickness, his brain and heart were all athrob in expectation of the letter from his wife, he knew would be there.

Only—it was not there!

Only—it was not there!

And he went slowly, despairingly to the rooms engaged by telegraph, wondering why all of life and hope and joy and love such as glorified other men's lives were denied him, wondering

dering—
And opening the door to see Winifred waiting for him—Winifred, all her passionate soul in her eyes, all her sweet, yearning nature in the low cry with which she sprung to him.

"Oh, Carrol! I could not let you leave me! I did not know, until you were gone, that—"
His face was pale as death. He looked at her—one glance in which their hearts were unvailed, one moment when it seemed that heaven had suddenly opened to them.

"Winifred! My wife!"
"Carrol, oh, Carrol, my darling, my dar-

"Carrol, oh, Carrol, my darling, my dar-And so their happiness came to them.

Buffalo Bill,

THE BUCKSKIN KING

Wild Nell, the Amazon of the West.

A Life Romance of the Great American Scout.

BY MAJOR DANGERFIELD BURR, 5TH CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY.

CHAPTER XIV. THE NIGHTHAWKS.
THOUGH recognizing at a glance that he was in a trap, and that every man he saw before him was an enemy, Buffalo Bill showed not the slightest sign of fear, but said with a smile: This is a strange way to receive a friend,

Each glanced at the other, and then the leader Each glanced at the other, and then the leader answered:

"We don't know who is friends, nowadays, and has to look upon all comers as enemies; but tell me, how many is with you?"

"My horse and myself are all; I was on my way to the settlements, started to camp at the foot of the hill, and seeing your light came on here." said the Scout, quietly.

"Thet was when you opened thet door, Jim Haskins; I tell yer, light kin be seen a long way off, and we must be keerful," said the leader, who now lowered his revolver, his comrades following suit.

nding to misunderstand the leader, Buf-

the face of the Scout, who asked in a curious | certain death.

way: "Why should white men be afraid of their wwn kind?"
"Have you ever heerd o' the Nighthawks,

pard?

"Why, there's a reward of five hundred dollars on the head of each one of you."
"True as Gospil, pard, an' thar is thirteen o

us here, so you can figger up how much we'd bring ef yer was to take us all in, an' p'r'aps you'd better try."

This was said menacingly, and determined not to show that he feared them, Buffalo Bill said cuichly.

said quickly:
"If I had three good men with me, I'd try it, anyhow; but what is your pleasure with me, for I'm not a fool to attempt to fight all of

Waal, how w'u'd yer like to jine ther band? Looks as ef thar was grif in yer."

"Thank you, I'm no thief."

"You has a sweet way o' putting it; but now tell us who you is?"

"That is none of your business."

By jingo! but you has got grit; we'll see ef

'Pard, I knows who he is, and I has had

The speaker was standing in the background, but now he stepped forward, and Buffalo Fill recognized him as a man who had once been a soldier and had deserted after killing a sergeant, but whom he had captured and taken back to the four whom he was expressed to be been as the soldier. e fort, where he was sentenced to be shot, yet escaped death by making his escape a few hours before the time appointed for his execution. Though he knew that the deserter had threat-ened to kill him for capturing him, Buffalo Bill

ened to kill him for capturing him, Buffalo Bill was determined to have the thing out, and said:

"Hello! Dick Lightfoot, we meet again!"

"Yes, an' I guess it'll be our last meeting, Buffalo Bill."

Buffalo Bill!"

Buffalo Bill."

"Buffalo Bill!"

The name was upon every lip in chorus, as the soldier spoke it, for though no one else present seemed to know the famous Scout by sight, one and all knew him well by reputation, and feered him more than any man on the border, as he had always proven himself the bitter foe of renegades and horse-thieves.

"Pard, that settles it; you hain't got long to tarry here on 'arth, and you'd better sling out a leetle Gospil-music," said the leader, while every revolver in the crowd again covered the broad breast of the Scout.

With a fearless smile upon his handsome face, Buffalo Bill stood, with folded arms, before the scowling Nighthawks, who just waited the signal of their leader to kill him in his tracks.

But that signal was not given, and the tableau was continued for a full minute, each one mentally acknowledging the splendid nerve of the man before them, who so indifferently looked into the threatening muzzles.

"Pard, you has game an' no mistake; but what is we ter do with yer?"

"You just intimated, that you intended to kill me."

"I just inti—what?"

"I just inti—what?"
"Intimated." Intimated." Yas, I s'pose I did, but I pass on big words they gives me ther toothache, so sling out small ones; now, what is we ter do with yer?"
"If you ask me the question, I answer, let me

"But I don't axe yer ther question; I only hates to see a man kilt as has got your grit, an' I says to my pards, what is we ter do with

"You remember our orders from the chief?" suggested the deserter, whom Buffalo Bill had called Dick Lightfoot. "Yas, ther chief said as how we was ter kill Buff'ler Bill the moment we sot eyes 'pon him; now, pard, won't yer jist make some leetle trouble, so as we can drap on yer?" and the man turned again to the Scout, who answered,

promptly:
"As Dick Lightfoot seems to want me out of
the way, I'll fight it out with him, and if I kill
him, then let me go."

Several voices at once cried out in favor of this proposition, but the deserter did not seem to relish the anticipated meeting, and said, outsider.

quickly:

"Yes, and then he'll go and bring the soldiers down upon the balance of you; no, I move that we kill him, and then we are safe."

"Them is words of wisdom, pard, and as the chief told us to kill him, it's got to be done," and the leader turned to Buffalo Bill and continued.

'Has you any favorite mode o' dying, pard?"
'Never having tried it, I cannot say that I

have."
"Then we'll make it as pleasant for yer as we conveniently can; now, pard, jist hand me yer shootin'-irons."

well understood.

But certain death would quickly follow if he surrendered his weapons, and there was a chance in his favor if he resisted.

With one lightning glance he took in the odds for and against him, and then said:

"Pards, I guess you won't be so cruel as to kill an unarmed man, so here are my pistols, if you want them."

"Pards, I guess you won't be so cruel as to kill an unarmed man, so here are my pistols, if you want them."

He unbuckled his belt as he spoke and held it forth, while the leader and the deserter stepped briskly forward to take ti em.

But just as they stretched forth their hands to grasp the belt, it fell to the ground, and two revolvers were suddenly thrust forward and fired in half a second's time.

The reports of the pistols, yells, and a crashing sound came almost together, and then the Nighthawks were aware that two of their comrades lay dead on the floor of the "dug-out," that the door had been broken open by one powerful kick, and that Buffalo Bill had fled.

With wild cries they started in pursuit, not five seconds behind him, but from the light into darkness momentarily blinded their eyes, and not knowing which way he had gone, they fired at random as they ran.

In the meantime, Buffalo Bill fled with the speed of a deer down the steep hillside, well knowing that the desperadoes would rapidly follow him, and anxious to reach his horse before they came up.

re they came up.

After several rather severe falls, in the dark-

After several rather severe falls, in the darkness being unable to see where he placed his feet, he reached the ravine where his horse was concealed, and quickly saddled and bridled him; but ere he could mount there came a flash and report, and a bullet whistled over his head, showing that his pursuers had followed him rapidly, and had discovered him.

"Hold on, pard!" yelled a hoarse voice, and another flash and report followed, but again the aim was untrue, and an answering shot from the Scout went straight to the mark, and the renegade uttered a loud cry and sprung backward a step or two to then fall dead, just as several of his comrades dashed up to the spot.

But Buffalo Bill was already in his saddle, and a word to his horse sent the noble animal away like an arrow from a bow, followed by a

falo Bill replied:

"Yes, one has to be careful, for Pawnee-Killer's band of Sioux are abroad now on the war-path."

"We don't keer a cuss for Pawnee-Killer and his Sioux, pard; it are our own kind we's afeerd of, as you well knows, fer I is acquainted with who you be," and the man looked straight in who you be," and the man looked straight in self over and over again upon his escape from certain death.

CHAPTER XV.

A BRACE OF VILLAINS.

From the wild haunts of the far frontier, where the adventurous settler, the reckless des-"Yes; they are a gang of desperadoes and horse-thieves that are the curse of this border, raiding only in the dark, stealing and murdering, and never fighting unless cornered," was the fearless reply of Buffalo Bill.
"You has us down fine, pard."
"You las us down fine, pard."
"You lay ou are certainly joking," said the Scout, with well-affected surprise.
"I guesses not; we is the Nighthawks, of whom you has just spoke so good," was the leader's remark.

where the adventurous settler, the reckless desperadoe, the fearless borderman, and the untamed red-skin are to be found in their glory, amid the prairies and mountains, to the marts of civilization, in the handsome city of St. Louis, I will now ask my reader to accompany me.
In a dingy room on a narrow street of St. Louis, sat a man, whose dark face, black eyes and hook nose at once indicated that he was a Hebrew.

He was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, almost clerical in its cut, and yet wore a large

Yet the surroundings were not such as to indi-

cate that the rooms were those of a man of wealth, as a single bed, a wash-stand and table,

wealth, as a single bed, a wash-stand and table, several chairs and a trunk made up the furniture; yet, there dwelt Moses Moloch, the rich Jew bachelor of St. Louis, and a man whose wealth caused him to be sought after by many who even disliked him, and who had won the title of millionaire by taking advantage of the adversity of others.

On the street, in society, or dining at some fashionable hotel, Moses Moloch was under observation, and looked and lived well; but in his own room he felt that he was free from public gaze, and spent not a dollar more than necessary upon home comforts, for very few were ever invited across the threshold of the Jew's abiding place at night.

As he now sat in his easy-chair, his face wore

As he now sat in his easy-chair, his face wore a cunning leer, while he muttered to himself:

"Yes, dey vill all pelongs to me; t'e houses, t'e lants, and all dat he owns, and I vill get me mooch moneys, pesides dat I get me mooch revenge dat he vas tam me when I ask his leetle girl to marry mit me; and she vas mat mit me, too, and tell me dat I vas forget myself; vell, vell, ve vill see who forgets deyself now—ah, dere is de shudge."

A knock at the door caused Moses Moloch to spring to his feet and approach it.

"Who ish dere?" he asked.

"Moses, I say, are you deaf?" answered a stentorian voice from without, followed by another pounding upon the door, which the Jew hastily opened, with an angry:

"No, I ish not deef, shudge. Vell, come in."

At this invitation there entered a stout little gentleman, whose important strut and pompous air gave one the idea of a bantam rooster putting on airs. As he now sat in his easy-chair, his face wore

n airs. He was flashily-dressed, wore a swallow-tail

coat, wide checked pants, a high stock and stand-ing collar, and white gloves. Upon his head was a white high hat, and in his hand he carried a gold-headed cane.

Marching across the room he seated himself in the Jew's easy-chair, placed his hat upon the table, and leaning forward on his cane, carefully surveyed the furniture, while he burst footb with.

fully surveyed the furniture, while he burst forth with: "I say, Moses, you don't put on style at home; there's where you are economical; but I must not complain, as this is the first time I have had the honor of being invited here. Well, what

"Vell, I ish got a letter from a frint o' mine, vat I vish to talk mit you apout."
"Go ahead, my fine fellow, especially if there

s money in it."
"Vell, you knows dat I pays you when you ish work for me?"
"Yes, yes, and I do my work well; but what's

"Yes, yes, and I do my work well; but what's up now?"
"I have me some leetle troubles, I vill tell you apout; you know dat Mish Lonise Melville was refuse my hant and my heart?"
"So you hinted to me once; but it was merely on account of religious scruples, I assure you, for what other motive could she have had?"

ad?"
The remark of the "Judge," for he only held hat title by courtesy, seemed to please the Jew, who replied:
"'Vell, she is a Presbyterian and I ish a He-

ven, she is a Fressyterian and I sa a new recover, dat ish a fact; but, she vouldn't marry ne, and her fader vas very mat dat I want her o, and dat make me mat, so I says to myself, Moses, you ish want to get vat you call even nit dat girl and her papa, and I have arrange o get all t'e moneys dat pelongs to them."

"A noble idea; and how will you do it." noble idea; and how will you do it

Moses?"
"Vell, I holts her papa's notes for all he is wort', and as she has monish of her own, I vant o get dat too, so I finds her a husband." "As who, pray?" "Mr. Marmaduke."

"Ah, that rich young gentleman now stop-ping at the hotel where I—I—"
"Where you ish take a drink when you get reated, shudge? Yes, dat ish t'e young mans

att I mean."
"Well, surely she can have no objection to well, surely she can have no objection to him, for he is as rich as a prince, they say."

"Yes, for t'irty days; how much you t'ink it takes a prince to live t'irty days, shudge?" asked the Jew, with a cunning leer.

"Well, let me see: say five thousand dollars, judging by what I live on."

"Five t'ousand tollars! Vell, dat ish joost to the prince th

vat I gives t'e young man, and he is to marry t'e girl, and get her monish for me."

"Ah! a great thought, and one worthy of my stupendous brain, Moses. So this young Noel Marmaduke, who has St. Louis society by the

ears, so to speak, is one of your tools?'

"Yes, he ish work for me. You know he is a
goot young man, and steal somet'ings in New
York what I know all about, and I vas get him

York what I know all about, and I vas get him away from the penitentiary, and he do what I tell him, and marry the girl."

"Yes, yes; and you finger the wealth he gets by his marriage, or he goes back to prison?"

"Shudge, you ish see it all; now I wants you to go mit me this evening to the house of Mishter Melville, and I will tell him I must come down, that ish vat you call him, mit my notes for all he is wort, if he don't make t'e girl marry my nice young man, Marmaduke."

"Yes, and the girl will consent to save her father."

father father."
"Dat ish so."
"But may she not pay off the mortgages, if she does not like this Marmaduke?"
"She ish not got t'e monish yet; only when she ish eighteen years of age."
"Ah! and she is how old now?"

It will be four mont's pefore she ish of age, shudge."
"You hold the trump card, Moses; now how can I give you my valuable services?"
"Vell, you ish draw up all t'e legal papers vat

I vant. "So I can; but your friend you spoke of hav-ing a letter from?"
"Ah yes, shudge; he ish annudder nice young man; he kill somebody and he vas put in prison for to be tried for murder; but he kills t'e jailer and gets away mit himself, and so he don't was ne hoorg.

Vell, he vas an olt frint of mine; I lend him

monish many times, and he writes me word that he comes back now mit disguise to get some papers from his uncle; he wants me to buy an olt goold mine his uncle have got out West, and if he von't sell it, he vill get it any-

Another bold stroke wanted, 1 see; the mine has doubtless panned out rich."
"Yes, and t'e yoong man ish t'e nephew of
Mishter Melville." I see, I see; and I recall the circumstance of

the murder now, and it was whispered old Melville aided his nephew to escape, as he did not wish to have any one with his blood in their veins dancing in mid-air at the end of a rope. Well, the young man runs a risk in coming back, but he is a fearless fellow, I've heard."

"Yes he ish your praye shuder."

"Yes, he ish very prave, sbudge."
"There is a large reward offered for his apprehension, I believe, Moses," said Judge Shyster, thoughtfully.

"Dere ish five t'ousand tollars, shudge, but you ish petter not make t'at monish," replied the Jew, with an angry glitter in his eyes.

"Me! why, Moses, how can you be so unkind?" said Judge Shyster, with an injured tone.

'I remembers dat dere ish a man vanted for "I remembers dat dere ish a man vanted for a leetile bank robbery, shudge, and I vill—"
"My dear, dear Moses, how can you? Now, pray don't refer to anything of a disagreeable nature, for all should be pleasant between us."
"Dat ish so, and I vants you to forget apout

dat reward pizziness."

"It is forgotten, Moses."

"Dat ish goot, for dat poy, if he ish kilt peoples, save my life from t'e river one time, and I don't forget it; vell, I vill call for you at t'e right time to go to Mishter Melville's—vell, who ish date"

h dat?"

nature getting beyond his control, for he had always loved his cousin, as much as he was ca-

gold chain, to which hung a red seal, and upon his little finger glittered a diamond of great size and beauty.

at the door, and opening it the next instant, there entered a tall, elegantly-formed man, dressed in the hight of fashion, and swinging in

there entered a tall, elegantly-formed man, dressed in the hight of fashion, and swinging in his hand a rattan cane.

He wore a soft hat, that cast in shadow the upper part of his face, while the lower portion was concealed by a heavy brown beard, and curls of a like hue clustered around his neck.

That he was a very handsome, elegant-looking man, both the Jew and the judge saw at a glance, and, as he was a stranger to them, they both turned pale, for, villains at heart, they each expected that they saw an officer of the law before them.

"I would see Mr. Moloch," said the stranger, calmly, and, anxious to feel that he was not "wanted," Judge Shyster, losing his pomposity of manner, glided toward the door, and hastily pulled it to behind him, while he quickly descended to the street.

"I ish Moses Moloch," answered the Jew.
"So I see, and knew at a glance; well, old man; how are you?" answered the Jew, who replied, as he searchingly viewed his visitor:

"You ish got t'e petter of me, mine frint."

"I am the first one who ever got the best of you, then, Moses; but I am glad my disguise deceives even your sharp eyes. Now, how are you?"

As the stranger spoke he drew from his face

As the stranger spoke he drew from his face

the brown beard, and from his head the curly wig he wore, and the dark, sinister, and yet handsome features of Royal Keene were re-

'Holy Isaacs! you ish so mooch change

"Holy Isaacs! you ish so mooch changed; you ish a mooch pigger man ash you vas; but I ish so glat for to see you, Roy—"
"Hold! do not mention that name, Jew. My present name is Royal Keene, and I came all the way here from the West to see you, and get you to help me," and the man twirled at his long, jet-black mustache, which the light-brown beard had concealed, and ran his fingers caressively through the wayy masses of rayen heir oly through the wayy masses of that had been coiled up beneath the wig he had

"I ish still your frint," and Moses Molech crossed over and doubly bolted the door.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PLOT FOR RUIN.
In the elegantly-furnished parlors of a hand-In the elegantly-furnished pariors of a nand-some St. Louis mansion, a man paced to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back, and his face wearing a look of determined resolve. And one look into that face displayed the black, piercing eyes of the man known to the reader as Royal Keene, again, as when he en-tered the room of Moses Moloch, disguised by his beard and win

nis beard and wis "I am glad that I arrived as I did, or the Jew rould have married my sweet cousin to that ogue he is making use of," he muttered, in a

Now the fair Louise must become my wife and then I will get not only her wealth left her by her mother, but also the mine, for, after my narriage with her, my uncle will not live very

"She was sweet on me, years ago, when she was only fourteen, and I think I can win her back now, and old Moses will make my dear mele consent, as he holds him financially in his power. Ah, I hear the rustle of silk—she is accoming."

coming."
The next moment there glided into the room a maiden of surpassing beauty.
Tall, graceful in form, and with a willowy motion, she approached the man, while her dark eyes lighted up with a look of surprise as she saw that the face was unknown to her.
"The servant said you desired to see me, sir, but I think there is some mistake," she said, somewhat haughtily.
"No, I asked to see you, and I had hoped that I was not so easily forgotten by one who has ever been in my thoughts," said Royal Keene, in a low, earnest tone.

n a low, earnest tone.
"Sir, I do not understand; there assuredly is ome mistake." "Louise, my sweet cousin, do you not recog-pize me now?"

nize me now?"

The beard and wig were again torn off, and the bold, reckless, handsome face was revealed.

"Roy! Roy! my poor, misguided cousin," and the face of Louise Melville became very pale, and she stepped back as the man advanced toward her as though to take her hand.

"And this is my welcome, after four years of cruel absence?" he said, in a thrilling tone he knew well how to assume.

of cruel absence?" he said, in a thrilling tone he knew well how to assume.

"How can I welcome you, Roy? You never should have come here again, and I hoped we should never meet after your cruel deed and flight, years ago. Oh, Roy! how much you have to repent of."

"Louise, do not upbraid me. I know better than all others, what my rash, ungovernable act has cost me, and how I have suffered none can ever know.

"I flad from home, and your good father aided me to escape from the hounds upon my track, and placed me in a position where I could

earn my daily bread.

"In that new land, under another name than the one I had disgraced, I have worked hard, by day and night, and repented me bitterly of

the past."
"I am glad to hear you say so, Roy; we feared you had not changed, and were as wild and reckless as ever."
"No, I am a changed man, and you are the bright angel, Louise, that made me a new creature, for your sweet face, as I remembered it, when you were but a girl, has been in my thoughts by day and night, and at length drove me here, risking my life, to see you."

He spoke in an impassioned tone, and in a voice singularly sweet and winning; but Louise Melville answered:

Melville answered:

"I am glad you are a better man, cousin Roy, yet, oh! so sorry that you came here. Remember, if you are taken, a death on the gallows awaits you."

"I know it, Louise, and I have risked that to come and tell you that I love you, and beg you to become my wife."

He dropped upon one knee before her, seized her hand, and thus remained, as if awaiting his down from her fair lins.

doom from her fair lips.

In the olden time she had always loved her handsome cousin, wild as he was, and it was through her entreaty that her father had aided him to fly from the hounds of the law upon his trail; but when she grew older and realized how very evil he was at heart, and knew what cruel murderer he had been, her heart revolt-

d against its early idol, and she hoped never to see him again.

Now, though running a terrible risk, he appeared before her, and boldly from his lips came the avowal that love for her had brought him

Since her girlhood days Louise Melville's heart had held no man as an idol, and wholly pure in character herself, she had banished from her all thought of the cousin who, had he been true to himself, might have one day claimed her ackie wife.

as his wife. Now, only pity for his past life, and a dread that he would be captured filled her heart, and she said, firmly:

"Cousin Roy, you plead in vain. I can never ove you, and you must accept this decision as inal, and at once leave this city." The man's face was hidden from her, and she failed to see the dark look that flashed across it; but, having failed in winning her by a confession of his love, he determined to try to fright-

sion of his love, he determined to try to frighten her into accepting him.
"Very well, Louise," he said, sadly; "without your love I wish to die, for I have nothing
to live for, and I will go at once to the Chief of
Police and give myself up."
"You will do no such silly thing; you fled to
save your life, and you will not now go and
mount the gallows.
"Leave St. Louis at once, forget me, and
spend your days in trying to repent the past"

spend your days in trying to repent the past."
"By Heaven! there is some one else that you love!" he cried, almost savagely, his passionate

between him and her.

"I love no man, excepting my father, Roy, and I thank Heaven I never allowed myself to love you; but, quick! resume your disguise, for the bell has rung."

In spite of his assertion of the moment before about giving himself up to the police, Royal Keene, as I will still call him, resumed his disguise with alacrity, and his face was as pleasant as May morning, when the parlor door opened and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, my daughter, Thomas told me I would find you here with company," and Mr. Melville, whose hair and whiskers were iron-gray, approached the spot where Louise and her cousin stood.

Seeing the embarrassment of his cousin Royal.

Seeing the embarrassment of his cousin, Royal Keene at once advanced a step and said: "A prodigal returns and asks to be forgiven,

"What! have you dared to put your foot in my house, sir?" cried Mr. Melville, angrily.
"I have risked the life you saved from the gallows, uncle, to come and ask forgiveness of my past crimes; do you cast me utterly out of your heart?"
"Your own act, sir, your crimes, cast you

"Your own act, sir, your crimes, cast you out; in cold blood you shot down a fellow-being, and then to save your neck from the gallows, you killed the man who guarded you and es-

you killed the man who guarded you and escaped.

"To save you from an ignominious death I gave you money and sent you far away, where you found employment that should have given you a fair living, in working a mine.

"After you left, I paid your forged checks, sir, and thousands in debts, until I cramped mys lif in money matters for you, and now you dare to put your foot across my threshold! Begone, sir, or I myself will repent of my accursed foolisaness and hand you over to the police."

The old man spoke in an angry, decided tone, while his wicked nephew stood with bowed head before him, and Louise, with tearful eyes, was at her father's side.

at her father's side.
"Uncle, you are cruelly unkind, after the
effort I have made to repent my past sins; I
worked your mine faithfully, barely getting
from it sufficient to live upon—"
"No, the mine is not a bonanza, I know; still, there is gold enough in it to support you hand-somely, if you will work it, and only a few weeks ago I had the papers all drawn up, selling it to you, under your a samed name, for a mere pittance which I had pretended to have received; but now, sir, these papers I will to-morrow take from my safe and destroy, in punishment

for your daring to come here.
"Now, sir, leave this house, or I swear to you,
I will give you up to the police."

"Not one word, sir! Begone!"
"Louise, my cousin, will you not plead for

me?"
"I cannot, Roy; it is better that you go."
"Enough! I am alone in the world, for my
own kindred have cast me utterly out of their
hearts. Farewell, uncle! Farewell, Louise!"
He turned sadly toward the door, but, as he
had hoped, no word of recall came to him, and
he passed out of the door and into the street he passed out of the door and into the street, just as two men ascended the broad marble steps leading to the Melville mansion.

Those two men were Moses Moloch, the Jew,

Those two men were Moses Moloch, the Jew, and Judge Shyster.

"Vell?" asked the Jew, in a low tone.

"She refused me, and he banished me from his house; I will see you at your room," said Royal Keene, as he walked away with dignified step, while Moses Moloch muttered to himself:

"Vell, if he ish don't marry the girl, my dear yoong frint Marmadule must pe her husbant."

The next moment Thomas opened the door and the two men were ushered into the library, bent on a devilish plot against Mr. Melville and his beautiful daughter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 507.)

(To be continued—commenced in No. 507.)

FATE.

A bright little girl,

The ice being thin,
I: let them both in;
He was stout.
He climbed up on the ice,
And—wasn't it nice?—
Pullet her out.

In twelve months down the aisle, She came with a smile,

On his arm.

Now she skates—little dear,
And feels, as he's near,

Beryl Ward,

THE BELLE OF CHICAGO;

Pursued to the Altar.

THE STORY OF A GIRL'S BITTER MISTAKE.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAKERESS,
"A WILD GIRL" "BLACK EYES AND BLUE,"
"PRETTY AND PROUD," "THE LOCKED
HEART," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

BERYL had put far from her all troubling memories of the time when she had been a party to that sad surprise in the sacred edifice when Helen Bristow had made her unexpected. response to that solemn charge on the part o

rhere was a crue sinhe on the hysor the returned absentee.

"I meant to. It has been at very great inconvenience to myself that I have accomplished this little surprise. But, I have done it—to my satisfaction. It is not very flattering though, is it," he remarked, easily, to the clergyman, "to find one's wife ready to marry again in vir weak less than a year?"

clerzyman, "to find one's wife ready to marry again in six weeks less than a year?"

The minister made him no reply but looked at the young couple standing strickeu before him with anxious pity.

Beryl stood, clasping the railing, white as death, her blue eyes wide open but blank as the eyes of a somnambulist; she heard every word cooken, but far off as if people in another world. poken, but far off as if people in another world were talking; she looked blasted. Fennel had turned fiercely at the first sound

Fennel had turned hercely at the lirst sound of that unexpected voice—turned, with glaring rage in his eyes, his lips drawn back from his white teeth, looking like an animal about to spring. He had not the aspect of a person surprised—only desperate. All the little time it had taken to say what had been said he had acceptioned to glare at the enemy who had arisen and taken to say what had been said he had continued to giare at the enemy who had arisen as it were out of the grave, between him and his dearest hopes. Now, as Bristow threw out this sneer against his wife's constancy Fennel sprung at him. His hands were about the sleek white throat of the sneerer. The attack was so sudden that the other did not at first defend himself; but, presently, he began to s ruggle for his life, and there in "the dim religious light" of one of God's sacred temples ensued a scene such as does not often violate the sanctuary. Bristow was the heavier the more powerful and the better trained; but his foe was like a madman—was mad, Heaven knows, during those dreadful minutes. The assailed was down; Fennel's knee was on his breast, his fingers still clung to that smooth throat.

"If you are not dead, you soon will be!" he screamed.

It was all that Anthony Ward, the clergyman and two other gentlemen could do, to tear him from his choking victim; but they did so after a time, and forced him into a seat.

"For shame, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the minister.

having such a drama enacted in his church; the could hardly order these very respectable people out; and he was more interested in pain and pity, as she laid her little palm in her

"Oh, I will be very considerate," sneered the intruder. "Now that my little jest at your expense is successfully played out, Mrs. Bristow, it can patiently wait for advances from your side. I am not so ardent a lover as I once was. Still, I think I may say that I have more real respect for you than this very honorable gentleman, who was on the verge of wiling you into man, who was on the verge of wiling you into the first brought a richer hue to her cheeks. In and out through silken meshes went the bright-colored floss, the white hand fluttering to an illegal companionship with himself, knowing perfectly that your legal husband was alive and well."

response to that solemn charge on the part of the part

pable of loving any one, and now felt a pang of jealous fury at the thought that another stood between him and her.

"I love no man, excepting my father, Roy, and I have I am glad to see you, old fellow! But, I'm afraid you've made—a mess of it."

There was a cruel smile on the lips of the retained absentee.

"I him afterward. I am sure I do not know where the has been, and why he kept his safety a sefrom me! Why do you mean and tremble so? I would have died of grief before I would have her way," was her son's silent comment. He felt too weak and indifferent to make any resistance to the siege he saw she was about to lay.

There was a cruel smile on the lips of the retained absentee.

While they were still at table the door-bell in a low voice:

While they were still at table the door-bell in a low voice:

Take me away from everybody, papa. Hide me.

"Yes, take her home, Mr. Ward," interposed the minister. "I would counsel moderation and—and patience, to all parties. The young lady is certainly very unhappily situated at present. But time works wonders—time cures every ill. Give her plenty of time, Mr. Bristow. And I wish you all good-afternoon."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

ANTHONY WARD led his daughter out of the church. The sun, near setting, threw a flood of gold over everything. A bird was singing in the ivy creeping up the church tower; the long procession of glittering carriages was still rolling by; the flag on the villa opposite waved languidly but brilliantly; young ladies and graceful cavaliers swept by on hand ome horses; the snowy sails of distant yachts caught a rosy flush; a single glimpse of deep blue water showed between the houses; in the deep grip glance which the gril cast about her despairing glance which the girl cast about her she saw it all—but saw it more as we imagine

she saw it all—but saw it more as we imagine disembodied spirits see things—her earthly interest in them had perished; it seemed years since she had entered the sacred building, full of hope and bliss—she must be an old, withered woman now, she fancied.

Her father placed her in the carriage and got in beside her, making a motion to Bristow not to follow. Nora, drowned in tears, took her seat, and they returned to the hotel, the coachman not being able entirely to repress the eloquent whistle with which, he would have liked to emphasize his wonder.

The loungers saw them return as they had gone, and were no whit the wiser; the lovely young lady was very, very pale, that was all.

Meantime, Fennel and his mother, the latter silently weeping, got into their carriage and

Meantime, Fennel and his mother, the latter silently weeping, got into their carriage and were driven back to their hotel. Not a word did either of them speak until they were in their own little parlor, when Fennel, lifting his heavy eyes to his mother's face said:

"I am glad he was not too late. That would have been still more terrible," and then, trying to reach a chair, everything reeled around him, he stumbled, and fell.

Mrs. Gray had to send for help to get him to bed, and a physician, who bled him, for his face was purple and his veins swollen. It was a week before they could get away from Newport to the more welcome privacy of their own

after a time, and forced him into a seat.

"For shame, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the minister.

"For channe, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the minister.

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"For channe, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the minister.

"For channe, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the minister.

"For channe, sir!—in the house of God!" panted the wind it was long before its recipient could forget it. But there are worse crimes than giving a scoundrel list describe, were the could forget it. But there are worse crimes than giving a scoundrel list describe, we can be sufficient to be a wife, and a child to church, good sir, before you express too much horror at my fault! As for the informal pleasure of such a revenge. He and I can no longer live in the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether, that is certain important the same world to gether the same world to gether t

"Oh, papa, what shall I do? Take me away from Mr. Bristow! I will promise never to see Fennel again, if you will keep me safe from that man," shuddering.

The clergyman was evidently unhappy at The clergyman was evidently unhappy at the strong and stay to tea? Harry said he would come after me this evening. How do you do,

able people out: and he was more interested in the scraps of their history which they were betraying than he cared to show; he felt very sorry for the young couple who had come to him so serenely radiant a little while ago, and yet—Mr. Norman Bristow he had heard of as a bright ornament in Western society. Oh, despicable spirit, that truckles to the rich and powerful!

"How can I promise you, my dear?" murmured the father. "Your husband has rights superior to mine. I know he will be considerate; he will not refuse you time to reconcile yourself to the effort to make a good wife."

"Oh, I will be very considerate," sneered the intruder. "Now that my little jest at your expense is successfully played out, Mrs. Bristow, I can patiently wait for advances from your side. I am not so ardent a lover as I once was.

different to make any resistance to the siege he saw she was about to lay. While they were still at table, the door-bell

gain rung.
"That must be Harry, come for me," said

However, it was not Harry so early—it was a lady who had called to see Mr. Gray on business, the servant said.

"Did she not give you her card?"
"No, sir. But she looks like a lady, sir."
"Where is she?"

"I showed her into the little reception-room.

"I snowed her into the little reception-room, sir."

"Was she young?" asks Fennel, rising to his feet—a sudden thought has set his pulses to racing through his veins.

"Well, sir, she is not old. A middle-aged lady, I should say."

At that, his color died out as quickly as it had risen; he turned cold and irritable, saying, impatiently: "Well, I'll soon see who it is."

He was gone a long time. More than an hour passed, and still the interview with the nameless lady continued in the little reception-room. Claire lost some of her brilliant color; Mrs. Gray fidgeted. Harry came for his sister, and being impatient to get back to his Latin, she had to go with him, her keen curiosity about the stranger unsatisfied.

Shortly after, the front door again closed and Fennel came in to his anxious parent, who saw,

Fennel came in to his anxious parent, who saw, immediately, that something of importance had occurred—his eyes sparkled, his countenance and manner betrayed intense excitement.

"Has Claire gone?" he asked. "I'm sorry. I wanted to ask her to stay with you for a week or two. Mother, I'm going to start for Chicago

"Who was your visitor, then?"
"I am not at liberty to tell even you, dear
"I am not at liberty to tell even you, dear
"I am not at liberty to tell even you, dear mother, at present. It was a person I was glad to see—though I may have cause to be very

"Not—Beryl?"

"No, no, indeed. But, I must pack my bag, instantly. I have less than an hour to get the nine o'clock train. Mother something very strange has happened! It may be for good—I fear it is for evil. If I can, I will write to you the previouslaws after I weach Chicago; but that the particulars after I reach Chicago; but that will depend upon what I learn after I have seen

(To be continued—commenced in No. 501.)

CHESS.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

One of life's prettiest pictures, Portrayed in red and white.

What care I if the tempest
Rages without till dawn?
But now my reverie ceases—
For "hub" has moved his pawn;
When I move mine, his bishot—
That demure, stealthy thing—
Salls so serenely forward,
And checks my stately king!

"Back!" says pawn to bishop;
And his obedience proves
How potent are such trifles
When skill or genius moves.
Ah, now his knight s hastening,
With gandy head erect,
And just behind, his lofty queen
Commands me to reflect.

My knight hastes to the rescue;
But gains a double check;
And, lo! his towering castle
Becomes a perfect wreck!
Ah, now the war-cry ringing,
The queen is on the wing!
So I must watch her pretty game,
And castle, now, my king.

Oh, what a hush steals o'er us! The interest grows intense
The human mind diverted
Yields a rich recompense.
And this, this is the picture,
Portrayed in red and white
That crowns at home our ple
Almost—nay, every night!

Sharp Sam;

The Adventures of a Friendless Boy A STORY OF THE GREAT CITY.

BY J. ALEXANDER PATTEN, AUTHOR OF "GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER," "SAII "OUR FATHER'S BONES," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. MILLER'S GOOD FORTUNE Mrs. Miller and her sons were greatly rejoiced the final escape of Sharp Sam from the police. The papers of the next day informed them that the trictest search for the boy had been fruitless.

"Where do you think he has gone?" asked Charles, of his mother. of his mother.
"Can't say," she replied. "Perhaps he'll go on board of some ship, and sail away to some foreign ountry."
"Like my father did," said the boy, heedlessly.
Mrs. Miller placed her hand on her bosom, and

Mrs. Atther panels and the said:

"What do you talk that way for? I've told you never to bring up your father's name."

"Why not?" asked the smallest boy, "other boys talk boyt their fathers."

Mrs. Miller bit her lip, and looked troubled.

"Walter don't worry mother," said the oldest

"I wish I could hear more 'bout my father," per-isted the boy. "Is he dead?"
"Well, I will tell you, Walter," said Mrs. Miller,
"you are old enough now to understand the sad— and story."

sad story."
"Is it a story?" asked Walter, innocently.
"It's what father did—can't you understand?"
said Charles, rebukingly.
"I know—I know," cried Walter, with sudden com-

"Tknow—ikhow, eiled water, who saw prehension.

"Your father," said Mrs. Miller, looking with tearful eyes upon her sons, "followed the sea."

"Was he a sailor?" asked Walter.

"Yes, he was a sailor," returned his mother, "and when you were a little baby he de—de—ser—ted me."
Here her sobs prevented further utterance.

"Don't cry, mother," said Charles.

"What a bad man," cried Walter. "I don't like

"What a bad man," cried Walter. "I don't like him."

"Did he say where he was goin'?" asked Charles.

"No, that was what made it so hard. He went away in the morning, and never came back."

"How did you find out 'bout him afterward?" inquired Charles, with great interest.

"I went to one of the offices where they ship sailors, and they told me that he had shipped as one of the crew of a ship bound to China."

"I've studied 'bout China," said Charles, "it's on the other side of the world."

"You don't say so," cried Walter. "Couldn't we dig down to 'em?"

"No, Walter," replied Mrs. Miller, with a smile.

"When you study, like Charles has, you'll know all about China."

"I'd like to go there and find my father. It would

When you study, like Charles has, you'll know all bout China."

"I'd like to go there and find my father. It would be a good thing to have a father here. He could work for us."

"Oh, you talk too much, Walter," said the older you, "Mother, go on with your story."

"There's not much more of it," replied Mrs. Miler, with a sigh. "Your father never came back to be. In all these long years—years of poverty and rial—I have never heard a word from him."

Mrs. Miller began to cry again.

"He must be dead," said Charles.
"Perhaps he married a China woman," said Waler, very seriously.
"Bother, Walter—you're a goose!" exclaimed charles.

arles.
He talks very foolish, I think," said Mrs. Miller.
I'm young, "replied Walter, finding that his rerk had displeased both his mother and Charles.
Il do better when I know more."
I hope so," said his mother.
Listen, an' don't talk so much," advised Charles.
bout this time the door of the room was softly
med, and the head of a man appeared.

"Land an' ocean!" he muttered, "there they ure. The mother and the two boys. I know'em, hough I haven't seen'em for so long a time."
He stepped softly into the room.
"Fil listen," he said, "it will do me good to hear

em talk."
"How many years ago is it, mother?" asked Charles.
"It is seven, next July—seven long years of watch-

ing and waiting."
"Do you think he will ever come?" asked Walter.
"I'll never give him up while I live," exclaimed

Mrs. Miller.

"Susan," said a voice.

"Great Heaven!" cried Mrs. Miller, turning round,
"whose voice is that, so like my husband's?"

"It's a man in our room," shouted Charles, in

alarm.
"Police! police!" called Walter, as he ran under "You are—" cried Mrs. Miller, looking intently not the face of the man.
"Your long lost husband, Susan."

"Charles,"
The wife and husband were instantly locked in an
mbrace which only relaxed when the boys rushed
orward for a share from their new-found father.
"Where did you come from, husband?" asked
trs, Miller, with her first breath, "why, we were
withing about you."

talking about you."
"I heard you," he replied, laughing; "you were so interested that you didn't hear me come in. Well, I'll tell you where I came from. I reached the wharf in New York yesterday in my own ship from Livernod!"

Well, I'll tell you where I came from. I reached the wharf in New York yesterday in my own ship from Liverpool."

"Have you got a ship—a big ship?" asked Walter, dancing in front of his father.

"Yes, my son—you shall go on board, too. Well, Susan, as soon as we made fast I took a few things in a valise, and started for Brooklyn, to find you at the old place. A boy helped me along with the valise to the Catherine Ferry. When I got over there nobody knew anything about you. It was too late to find you that night, so I went to a botel. All day to-day I have been chasing about, following one clew and another, until at last, I found your place of abode. You and the boys seem well."

"Yes, thank God! we're in good health. But, Charles, why did you leave me, and where have you been all this time?"

"It is a long story," returned Captain Miller, "but I will tell you enough to-night to satisfy your natural curiosity on the subject."

It was a pleasant-looking family group. Mr. Miller and his wife were seated side by side, Walter was on his father's knee, and Charles was leaning affectionately on his shoulder.

"To begin," said Captain Miller, "when I went away that day, I didn't remember anything until the ship was off Staten Island, going to sea. They had shipped me, when intoxicated, for a voyage to China."

"That's on the other side of the world," broke in

That's on the other side of the world," broke in it is, my son. Well, I was very sorry when I to myself, and found that I must leave my in such a manner. We always loved one andidn't we, Susan?" said the captain, taking ms wire's nand.
"To be sure we did. Charles, and that made your going so strange," replied Mrs. Miller, warmly.
"Before the ship got to China, we were captured by size of the ship got to China, we were captured by size of the ship got to China.

oy pirates."
"Pirates!" cried Walter; "what's 'em?"
"Bad men," replied the captain, "who sail over
the seas, and capture vessels and property belonging to other people—they are sea-robbers."
"Do they have guns?" asked Walter, in wonderment.

"Yes, guns, knives, swords, and all kinds of things to kill with."
"Wasn't you afraid, father?" further inquired the

We fought for our ship," returned Captain Mil-er, "and many on both sides were killed. But they werpowered us, plundered the ship, then set her on ire, and took the rest of us in their own vessel as

fire, and took the rest of us in their own vessel as prisoners."

"What wicked men," said Charles.

"Yes," answered his father; "the Chinese pirates are bold and cruel men. To go on with my narrative, they kept us prisoners on an island for a long time, but some of us finally stole a boat and got away. We reached Hong Kong in a state of starvation. There I found employment on a steamboat running on one of the rivers."

"Why didn't you write to mother?" inquired Charles.

"Yes," said Mrs. Miller, laughing, "that's what I want to know."

"Well," said the captain, coloring a little, "I ought to have done so, but I had been gone so long that I thought I would wait awhile longer. I was on the go all the time on the steamboat, and time slipped away rapidly."

thought I would wait awhile longer. I was on the go all the time on the steamboat, and time slipped away rapidly."

"It hang heavy enough on my hands," remarked Mrs. Miller, with a sigh.

"Well, well, it's all right, now," said her husband, kissing her.

"He's got a ship at the dock, now," said Walter.

"So I have," replied the father, laughing, "and I'll tell you how that came about. I got to be the pilot, and then the captain of the steamboat. I got good wages, and I made money on the merchandise that I bought. Next, I sailed the England as the captain and part owner of a ship and cargo. At Liverpool I loaded for New York, and here I am."

"Why, Charles, my dear," said Mrs. Miller, in some excitement, "vou must be a rich man."

"I am worth," replied the captain, proudly, "half the value of the finest clipper fhatever entered the

"Why, Charles, my dear, Sau are and excitement, "you must be a rich man."
"I am worth," replied the captain, proudly, "half the value of the finest clipper that ever entered the port of New York."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Mrs. Miller, "the days of our poverty are over."

"I'll never sell another paper," cried Charles. "I don't like it."

"My father owns a ship, hurrah!" cried Walter.

Tears and joy were in the eyes of all.

Charles, "Who's Sharp Sam?" asked the captain, in sur-

Then they told the story of Sam.

"Now, I wonder," said Captain Miller, reflecting,
"If that boy who helped me with my valise last
night was not Sharp Sam. The description fits him

exactly."
"Wouldn't it be strange if he had met father first,"
said Charles. "He'll turn up some day, I guess."
The following day Captain Miller provided the entire family with new clothing, and they removed to
a hotel. The story of the husband's return ran like
wildfire through the tenement-house, and the congratulations were universal and sincere. Mrs. Miller, as a last act before she went, divided her furniture, and some other effects, among the tenants,
capting blassinger to be showned wow her. ing blessings to be showered upon her

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT THE TOMBS AGAIN. SHARP SAM was again in the Tombs. He was now more of a hero than a prisoner. A reat deal of sympathy had been felt for him before, by reason of the uncertainty regarding his guilt of he crime with which he was charged, and also by reason of his courage, adventures, and many intersting traits of character.

ason of his counse; accent and string traits of character.

The daily papers had given long accounts of everyning concerning him, and pictures of his exploits
ad also appeared.

The clouds which hung over him were fast disapearing, and, as they did so, his popularity was inreasing on every side. Hence he was not rigorously
reated in the prison. He had a whole cell to himelf, and, by order of Mr. Worden, food was supplied

treated in the prison. He had a whole cell to himself, and, by order of Mr. Worden, food was supplied to him from a Broadway restaurant.

The most noted members of the Lacy gang had been arrested, and were also prisoners in the Tombs. Black Kate and the negro man were held in New Jersey. Investigations were going on in this city and in New Jersey, in regard to the guilt of the gang, and the most astonishing revelations were being made from day to day.

Clark was also in the Tombs. He occupied one of the strongest cells, and was regarded by the keepers as a most accomplished as well as desperate villain. In the face of all the facts already known, he still maintained his innocence.

In truth, he was still plotting.

"The case is desperate," said Clark, as he walked his cell in great excitement. "Never before did I find myself environed with so many difficulties. I do not see a single ray of light. I tell them that I am innocent, but I know that the evidence against me will be ample—and not for one crime, but for many. Suddenly my luck seems to have deserted me—all at once there is a perfect avalanche of misfortunes upon me."

He pressed his hands to his throbbing brow.

ne—all at once there is a perfect avalanche of misorder missing the pressed his hands to his throbbing brow.

"Everything is done to humiliate me. The men
whom I have been associated with I despise, but I
appear to the public as one of the same class. What
will be said when it comes out who I really am?—
what when it becomes known that I belong to such
un old and honored family? Oh, my proud grandcather, I wonder that you do not rise from your
reave."

father, I wonder that you do not rise from your grave."

Overcome with his emotions, he wept like a child.

"This is the city of my birth," he continued, at length. "Here passed my childhood, and here I went to school. Shall it also come to pass that from here I shall go to the State Prison, or"—here he shuddered—"perhaps go to the gallows?"

His bosom rose and fell with emotion, and he beat his brow with his clenched hand.

"There is one way," he exclaimed, "to escape all these troubles—it is by suicide. But how can I effect it now? When I came in they searched me, and discovered the arsenic I had secreted for the hour of trouble. Now, too, they watch me most vigilantly. I know only one way; it is to fascinate and use the lady who comes here with tracts. I will try it to the best of my ability."

No man ever possessed more blandishments with a woman than this villain.

He now refused to talk with any one except the fair young tract-distributor who visited the prison.

"Hang me," said one of the keepers, "if he ain't turned white-livered already. He knows what's comin', an' he's goin' to get ready in time."

"Sister Agnes," as the lady was called by the prisoners, was astonished at the respect and attentions which she received from Clark. She was also astonished that a man who appeared so much of a gentleman could be charged with such crimes.

She was young, and though she had undertaken the distribution of tracts in one of the worst prisons in the world, she had little knowledge of the actual depth of human depravity.

To come in contact with such a gentlemanly man as Clark appeared in all his conversation with her, and, moreover, to find one so contrite about his sins, was something not less agreeable than rare in her prison experience.

Clark took all the tracts she brought and he falk.

was something not less agreeable than rare in her prison experience.
Clark took all the tracts she brought, and he talked most glibly with her about doctrinal points.
"Sir," she said one day, "you interest me more and more every time I see you. I have been telling my Sunday school class about you."
"Indeed," said Clark, "you held me up as a terrible warning, I suppose."
"Well, sir," said the woman, apologetically, "I told them that you were charged with great crimes, that you were contrite, and hoped to be forgiven. I urged them to profit by such an example of turning to the way of salvation."
They talked often together, until the woman began to look upon Clark as a brand which she had herself plucked from destruction. She began to defend him to the keepers and beyond the prison walls.

walls.
One day Clark said to her:
"You are my only friend on earth. Will you do
me a service?"
"Yes; what is it?" she answered, at once.

'Bring me some arsenic."
'What do you want it for?"
'To kill the horrible rats which run all over me at

night."

"It is against the rules,"

"The rules are cruel. How can I read your tracts and books when the rats torment me so?"

"I will bring you some."

"Thank you. Oh, you will be blessed in your good and self-sacrificing work among prisoners."

When she went away Clark said:

"Now, then, hounds of the law, do your worst. I shall be prepared for triumph or defeat."

On another corridor was the cell of Sharp Sam. Everybody who came to the prison wanted to see him.

him.

"Barnum would make money exhibiting you, Sam," said one of the keepers, "your fame has gone far and wide."

"I wish I was out of 'ere," replied Sam, "I don't like to have people look at me in a prison."

"Why not? They're civil to you."

"Oh, yes, but that an't it. They point at me an' say all sorts of things 'bout that murder and robbery."

say all sorts of things bout that murder and rob-bery."

"Most of them seem to think you innocent," re-sponded the keeper. "An' so do we."

"Why don't they let me out? Mr. Worden would go my bail."

"Well, you see they can't take bail for murder,

go my bail."

"Well, you see they can't take bail for murder, which is the charge in your case."

"But you've got the right one now—Clark."

"Yes, we think so. The way "Il be this. As soon as the district attorney is satisfied with the proof against Clark he "Il go into court and move to enter a nolle prosequi in your case, and you'll be let out,"

"Well, I wish he would hurry up with his nolle."

"You'll be the principal witness against Clark, when his trial comes on."

Sam's face became serious.

"I hate to have him hung, but I s'pose I must."

"Or hang yourself," warningly said the keeper.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHARP SAM'S SAILOR CHAMPION.

DANGER and adventure seemed to follow Sharp
Sam wherever he went.

After much delay and difficulty Mr. Worden had
succeeded in obtaining the release of Sam from the
Tombs. The indictment against him was legally disposed of, but Mr. Worden was obliged to become
bail for his appearance at both the trial of Clark and
of the gang.

posed of, but Mr. Worden was obliged to become bail for his appearance at both the trial of Clark and of the gang.

"From him," said the official, "will come the most important links of evidence in both cases. Justice will fail without his assistance."

Mr. Worden took Sam home with him, and gave him some pocket-money.

"Do as' you please," he said, "but look out that you are not kidnapped. You know a great deal against some people, and their friends might try to put you out of the way."

It was a fact that the most determined efforts were being made to save Lacy, and the different members of his gang under arrest. They had been scattered, broken up, and most of them apprehended, but there were others still at liberty who were exerting every nerve to save those in prison.

When Lacy heard of the release of Sam, he said: "They expect to use that youngster as a witness, do they? Well, we'll see."

His countenance looked dark, and he shook his head significantly.

During the afternoon Sam got tired of staying indoors, and concluded that he would walk out a short distance.

"It's daylight," he said, "an' the streets are full

distance.
's daylight," he said, "an' the streets are full oble. Nobody could hurt me at such a time," did not intend to go far, but he became inter-

ested in the passing carriages and crowds of people, and wandered on without thinking.

After awhile somebody caught him by the arm, and said: Why, Sharp Sam!" Charlie Miller!"

that Charles's appearance was entirely changed.
"So I am," said the boy, proudly. "We're somebody now, and live at a hotel."
"Does your mother live at a hotel now?" asked
Sam, in wonderment. "Is she doin' the washin'

charles curled his lip, scornfully.

"She'll never wash for anybody any more," he ried. "Father has come home a captain, and owner of a ship."

"Gas," said Sam. "Come, I'm no fool,"

"Gas," said Sam. "Come, I'm no fool,"

tharles now told the whole strange and romantic story of his father's going away, long absence, and

final return.
"If you don't believe what I say, come round to

the hotel, on Fourth avenue, and see for yourself.

Mother and father want to see you, anyhow."

"I'll go," cried Sam.

He went to the hotel, and was soon ushered into a le suit of rooms. His welcome from Mrs. Miller and Walter was ost affectionate. As soon as Captain Miller saw

I thought as much. You are the very boy who carried my valise."
"The very fellow," said Sam, laughing. "You Then he told all about his own troubles and adven-

"But," said he, "I've found a great friend in Mr. "But, said he, "I've found a great firshed in Mr. Worden. He's going to send me to school, and then set me up in business. I live at his house, on Fifth avenue, now. It's a splendid place, full of lookin'-glasses, pictures, an' all kinds of nice things."
"It ain't as nice as our ship," said Walter.
Then they all laughed at Walter's remark, and Sam promised, at his first opportunity, to go on board.

board.

"I'm only waitin' to testify at these trials," he said, "an' then I'm goin' to school. After that I'll go to work an' make a fortune. Mr. Worden says there's many a rich man in New York who was a poor boy in the beginnin'."

"Those are the self-made men," said Captain Miller. "Our country is full of them. Make them your examples, and you will do well."

"I must be oif. I don't like to stay late. There's some bad men want me out of the way. Good-by, all."

Sam shook hands all round, and then left the "Captain," said Mrs. Miller, looking out of the window, "it is growing late. Suppose you follow Sam a little way, and see that no one molests him." "I will, certainly," replied Captain Miller, taking

"I will, certainly," replied Captain Miller, taking his hat and going out.

The virilance and patience of the villains of a city in working out their plans are among their most notable characteristics. The men of the Lacy gang were already on the track of Sam. A watch had been kept upon Mr. Worden's house ever since he entered it, and he had been followed during the whole afternoon. When he entered the hotel, two men po ted themselves where they could watch all

"Bill, I wonder what the kid wants in there?" said one of the men.
"He seems to be a little of the men.

"Bill, I wonder what the kid wants in there?" said one of the men.
"He seems to know the other boy pretty well. Pete, I've a notion that we'll have trouble 'fore we get hold of him," replied Bill.

The men were very rough looking fellows. They did not belong in New York, but had been sent for in Philadelphia.

"We've mastered a good many of 'em," said Bill.
"An' made a noise in the world, without being caught," returned Pete.
"That Charley Ross was handled as easy as any boy I ever had anythin' to do with."
"Why, yes; a little candy tempted him."
"This 'ere cove ain't no candy-sucker."
"Not a bit of it. I see from his very looks that he's smart an' plucky."
These were the two men who had stolen Charley Ross in Germantown. They were celebrated among

"What plan are you goin' to take, Bill?" asked Pete.

"I'm puzzled to know what to do. I thought if we got a chance to talk to him, we might tell him we were officers, and hurry him off before he could make any trouble."

"Our chance is improvin' the lorger he stays in there. It's growin' dark, now."

"When he comes out," said Bill, who was the leader in the business, "we'll follow at his heels, an' the first chance we git, clip him over the head an' make off."

"That's risky," said Pete: "there's so many peo-

"That's risky," said Pete; there's so many e in the streets,"
"True," replied Bill; "but don't you notice what hurry they are all in? These 'ere New Yorkers—en and women—always go on a half-run, as if the evil was after 'em."
"They don't notice much, that's a fact,"
"Well then, I think we could knock this 'ere kid ver, an' they'd not stop to look at him before we ould run out of sight."
"There he is," said Pete, as Sam emerged from the hotel. "He's in a hurry, now."

could run out of sight.

"There he is," said Pete, as Sam emerged from the hotel. "He's in a hurry, now."

"I'm sorry I staid so late," said Sam, as he walked briskly up the street.

"Now, follow," said the ruffian, Bill, "an' knock him the first chance."

"All right," returned Pete.

Sam went up two blocks from the hotel, and then he turned through a cross street toward Fifth avenue. The street he had selected was one with houses on only one side, while the other was the long side wall of Gilmore's Garden. By some chance, too, he went to the walk which skirts this wall.

"By all that's lucky," said Pete, "he's taken the very street that suits our plan."

They ran over to the same side.

Sam was not a timid boy, but he hastened his steps, and felt apprehensive, because he knew there was danger to him in the streets at that hour. However, he saw, only a block off, the hundreds of lights in Madison Square, and he felt half-ashamed of his fears.

The ruffians drew nearer.

ears.
The ruffians drew nearer.
Sam heard the footsteps and looked back.
"I don't like those fellows comin' on me in that

ay," he said.

At the same time Bill and Pete became aware that here was a man close behind them.

"It's now or never," said Bill,

"Suppose we let this chap behind pass us," sugseted Pete. the won't do it," replied Bill, excitedly. "Every ne we hold up, he does the same. I dou't know at he means. I wish we could give him a touch the knuckles for followin."

what he means. I wish we could give him a touch of the knuckles for followin."

"This is the best spot," said Pete; "in a minute the kid will be in the light of Madison Square."

They advanced rapidly upon Sam, and both were on the eve of striking him, when each received a tremendous blow alongside of their heads.

"Run, Sam, for your life," cried the voice of Captain Miller, "these men want to kill you."

Sam fied like a deer.

The men, though for the moment stunned, sprung up and dashed off in another direction.

Captain Miller was left victorious and alone. The whole affair had been so quick that the few passers did not know what it meant.

As he turned to go back to the hotel, Captain Miller could but exclaim:

"It was lucky I followed that boy. They would have killed him, without doubt. Well, I shall have more news for Mrs. M. and the boys."

Sam did not stop running until he got to Mr. Worden's door, When he related what had befallen him, Mr. Worden said:
"It is fortness for you that your friend Captain."

Mr. Worden said:
"It is fortunate for you that your friend Captain
Miller came up. You must stay indoors for the pre-

"I won't stir a peg unless some one goes with me—it ain't safe," replied Sam.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 503.)

MY AMBITION.

BY WALTER C. CLARKE.

Give me rather than bright rubies, Or the dross of human wealth, Something to me far more precious— The enjoyment of good health.

Rather than all worldly pleasures, Or the pageantry of fame, To be simply pure and noble— Let this be my highest aim.

Of all gifts to mortals given, Of the blessings God has sent, Give me this above all others— The calm joy of sweet content.

And though clouds o'er me should lower, Though my skies be not all blue, This, my heart's one fond desire— May to me my friends be true.

Strange Stories.

THE DEMON-ROBBER.

A TALE OF PARIS. BY AGILE PENNE.

Ir was just after the Restoration, and the streets of the great French capital were most decidedly unsafe. Foot-pads and robbers of both high and low degree infested them, and it was really dangerous to walk about with valu-

the streets were badly lighted, and the police orce was none of the best. And then, in the midst of these troublesome imes, appeared a foot-pad—a minion of the moon, who came in such a wondrous guise that n a very short time all Paris rung with the

In brief, to convert the vague, uncertain ru-

news of his exploits.

In brief, to convert the vague, uncertain rumors into a comprehensive statement, it was openly declared that Satan in person, hoofs, horns and tail, had taken to nightly promenades in the streets of the mercurial French capital.

Twenty or more had declared that they had seen him, and declared too that the interview had been more or less to their sorrow, for the Devil had taken it into his head, after frightening his victims into insensibility, to investigate the contents of their pockets.

It was really a wonderful freak of his Satanic Majesty, and the gay world of Paris at first was not at all disposed to accept the tale.

They looked upon it as the mere coinage of some drunkard's brain, but when a noble lady, well known to society, returning from a friend's house to her own, the distance a hundred yards only; unattended, testified that she was suddenly confronted by a gigantic figure, that seemed to rise out of the very earth, robed in a dark cloak which he threw off, revealing the well-known figure that painters from time immemorial have made familiar to the eye, puffed a hot flame from his mouth which seemed to scorch her very eyebrows, and in hollow tones cried: "E Are you ready?"—was it a wonder that she fainted? And when she came to her senses she found that the Prince of Darkness had, in him ows textrous manner, relieved her of all her valuables and then vanished, leaving behind him an extremely strong smell of brimstone. and him an extremely strong smell of brim-

Of course this was all nonsense, so some peo le said—a woman's fantasy produced by over-owering fear. It was merely a clever trick of clever robber, and that was all.

But the Parisian world sung a different tune when the dashing Count de Morlac told his tale of his encounter with the fiend.

of his encounter with the fiend.

The count, after passing nearly all the night in a well-known gaming-house, where he had been extremely lucky, winning some three thousand francs, started about three o'clock in the morning for his hotel. His sporting friends had rallied him upon the danger of encountering the mysterious personage who assumed such a terrible appearance, but the count had laughed the advice to scorn. He was well armed, he said—had provided a brace of pistols expressly for advice to scorn. He was well armed, he said—had provided a brace of pistols expressly for the accommodation of the midnight prowler; and so, despite the remonstrance of the rest, he started; but not twenty steps from the door—as he related next day to his wondering friends, he encountered the fiend.

started; but not twenty steps from the door—as he related next day to his wondering friends, he encountered the fiend.

Although taken somewhat by surprise, for he had not expected to meet him quite so soon, the count at once drew his pistol, and as the mysterious being advanced, fired. And then, upon his word of honor as a gentleman, he declared he distinctly saw the bullet, which was an ex-

I shall have very little to do and get well paid for doing it."

The chief reflected: after all there was no harm in making the trial, and so at last he consented.

Saint Blaire required a little assistance.

"I am your nephew, you understand: I have just come from the Isle of France, where I have a colossal plantation: I am rolling in wealth. A gold piece is no more to me than a sou to a fairly wealthy man. I carry upon my person, habitually, the sum of twenty or thirty thousand france although you have constantly warned me of the danger of being robbed that I run; but I am so rich that I heed it not. This must be my character, or Monsieur Satan will not be eager to make my acquaintance. This Parisian devil of yours is a curious fiend, monsieur le chief, since he appears only to care to make himself visible to people who have something to lose. They tell me that a poor man stands no chance, in the world, of seeing him."

The chief assented to the conditions; nay more—inspired by the young man's confidence he loaned him a thousand frances so that he might appear in a creditable light.

Saint Blaire reduited a light.

Saint Blaire instantly became a lion; his society was courted; he had traveled; he had fought lions, tigers, Indians and all sorts of strange beasts; not only that, but he was so rich that he did not really know how rich he was.

The young man carried out the character to the life; and in order to give Satan a fair chance he began to frequent the haunts of play.

And the Firsh dad his eye and ears to some purpose. He heard the runstle of wings, and saw a bird rise fairly above the bushes on his side. It flew regularly and not rapidly and not really and to the stationed his scale. It flew regularly and not rapidly and not be withing and it flut from the life of the bird was so fa

he brought the midnight marauder down upon his face, sprawling.

Shot and steel Satan was provided against, for he wore a breast-plate. He had, too, a sponge saturated with a stupefying drug, an iron hand that he could heat red-hot, and he could spit fire after the juggler's trick.

But, all his arts failed him now. Saint Blaire had him fast; his shouts brought assistance, and lo! an inspection revealed the Count de Morlac!

The game was over now. The unlucky count got ten years at the galleys, Saint Blaire his position under government, and the demon was laid at last.

A Day at Woodcocking.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

Howard Fleming had spent his summers at his uncle's, on the Hudson, from his thirteenth o his sixteenth year, and had become pretty well initiated into the mysteries and delights of

well initiated into the mysteries and delights of swimming, boating and fishing. But he was also ambitious to try his hand at hunting, and with this object in view he obtained permission to visit his uncle during the woodcock season. The woodcock is known to epicures by its pleasant gamy flavor, and those who have noticed the bird in the market cannot have failed to observe its peculiar long bill, which it uses for the purpose of extracting from the rich mud the fat and juicy worms and slugs on which it feeds. Woodcock are found in many parts of the State of New York, inhabiting swamps and the borders of muddy lakes, where they may be sought with dog and gun.

swamps and the borders of muddy lakes, where they may be sought with dog and gun.

Howard Fleming had made the acquaintance of a professional woodcock hunter, Jake Demby by name, who had taken a liking to the boy, and had promised to show him how to shoot woodcock. As Jake Demby killed game for the markets, some sportsmen might call him a pothunter, but his work was fully as artistic as if he had pursued hunting merely for his own amusement. In fact, a man must be a thorough sportsman to become a successful woodcock

trained barge one, pease clear through the holds of the species, pad as of H had been to must all which of concess it was being that a shadow and the species of the specie

birds when Ponto, who understood his business thoroughly, was sent in and went to work.

Here they were so close together that Howard could easily hear his companion when he told the dog to go on, and he knew that Ponto had his nose pointed toward a woodcock. So Howard almost held his breath as he waited for the rise of the bird.

It came so suddenly that it startled him, He heard the whirr of wings, but saw nothing that flew. But he also heard the crack of Demby's gun, and at the same moment felt such a sharp gun, and at the same moment felt such a sharp

run, and at the same moment felt such a sharp pain in his breast as caused him to utter an exclamation which did not lack much of being

"What is the matter?" asked Demby. I believe I am shot.

"What is the matter?" asked Demby.

"I believe I am shot."

His companion came running around with Ponto, and looked at the boy's face.

"I guess you ain't much hurt," he said.

Howard opened his vest and shirt-front, and there on his breast were a number of red spots, while several darker spots showed where some of the tiny pellets, about the size of mustard-seed, had sunk into the skin.

"This is the biggest game I've shot this season," said Demby, laughing as he picked out the shot. "This sort of thing will happen sometimes, when men are hunting on opposite sides of a swamp; but there's no danger in it, unless one of those little bits of lead should happen to hit a feller in the eyes. As it is, no harm is done, except to your shirt."

Howard felt none the worse for his "baptism of fire," but was rather proud of it, and felt that it made the sport more exciting. Three woodcock were bagged at that little swamp, but Howard got none of them, although he succeeded in missing two pretty fair shots.

Demby then took him to a meadow, to practice shooting on the wing at field-swallows and meadow-larks, and this practice occupied the rest of the afternoon. Meadow-larks being regarded as game, and possessing a money value in the markets, Jake soon gave his entire attention to those birds, leaving the boy to his swallow practice; but Howard joined him after a while, and had the satisfaction of bringing down a lark, after which he went home, well satisfied with his day's work, and remarkably hungry. satisfied with his day's work, and remarkably

hungry.

During the two weeks that were allowed him

During the two weeks that were allowed him Howard Fleming became by constant practice a pretty expert wing shot, and before he returned to the city he engaged Jake Demby to procure and train a dog for him for the next

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THE CIDER MILL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Under the blue New Jersey skies Swamped with sunshine the valley lies. The hills—I'm sorry to tell this tale—Are somewhat lower than the vale. Blest spot of my youth! There I stumped my And flew my kites and tore my clothes. Our old house sits by the side of the road, And there are the fields which in youth I sowed But memory turns with a wilder thrill Down the road to Smith's old cider mill That old, old mill, with roof of boards, With apples around in heaping hoards And didn't they shovel the apples in— Into the depths of that grinding gin! The apple-juice ran in a bubbling stream Out of the press under the beam. Was it not a delicious rill? And I thought I could never get my fill; But, oh, the barrels suffered a loss, For I always sucked it with seven straws Delicious draught of temperance folk! They drank it and never their pledges broke And, oh, how it did improve with age, Getting better with every stage! Ah, how we struck a barrel of old Whose delicate taste could not be told! Straws! we longed for the tide to roll Through the larger joint of a cane fish-pole If that cider wasn't hard as a brick, Yet like molasses it was as thick, Such a school of suckers you never saw Sam Swope, myself and Johnny Law. And each affirmed that never quaffed Either king or knight a richer draught. Each boy drank several gallons, I think Of that good deacon's temperance drink And it wasn't long until each fellow, No matter how hard, got exceedingly mellow; Nor could we see nor understand How that cider could get the upper hand. Pretty soon there wasn't one that knew A monkey-wrench from a kangaroo. What cared we for annals of Rome, Tasks at school or lickings at home

The world took a notion to go around
With three boys stretched on the heaving
ground, And the hum and noise of the cider mill On drowsy ears got strangely still. The rest of the tale, I can declare, I do not know—though I was there And I never cease to think with a thrill Of Deacon Smith's old cider mill.

And so filled up were we to the brim That our very brains began to swim.

And sawing the wood? Our lot was wider— There was nothing at all in our heads but—cider

The Lion-Hunters;

Life In the Dark Continent.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND-HUNTERS," "TENT-ING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC.

III.

SHOT IN THE EYE-THE FIRST LION. So sudden had been the rush of the kaobaba So sudden had been the rush of the kaobaba and the flight of Jim that the others had hardly time to realize that he was in danger, when pursuer and pursued were out of sight behind the thorn grove. Then Mudara raised the yell of his race, and the whole band dashed away in pursuit. But, so rapid was the flight of the boy and the chase of the rhinoceros, that they could not overtake him. Not seeing the boy they had halted while the battle between the horse beasts was at its hight, and when Jim

they had nated while the battle between the huge beasts was at its hight, and when Jim broke away in rapid flight, and the two antagonists followed, they spread out on both sides and again took up the chase.

And, when the black, after disposing of his enemy, had banged against the tree once, Mudara and his brother dashed into the thicket, their spream ready for action and the first their spream ready for action an mudara and his ordered dashed into the thicket, their spears ready for action, and the first notice the black had of his new enemies was a javelin planted in his flank. Whirling quickly, he dashed at Danatoo with his horn ready for service; but, in doing this, he exposed himself to attack from Mudara, and a second javelin, new death ylength of the first vice and himself. more deeply planted than the first, pierced hin in the throat.

brave beast saw that he was in danger, but with the tenacity of his breed he did not flinch. He made a rush at Mudara, whistling shrilly. Jim slipped quietly down from the tree and seized his rifle. Now that he had backers the boy was ready for sport or fight. His weapon was a good one, and he felt tolerably sure of his aim, but he knew that the coat of the black was proof against any ordinary but sure of his aim, but he knew that the coat of the black was proof against any ordinary bul-let. A shot in the eye would be fatal if he could make it, but, aside from that, he did not believe his rifle could be effective. Grasping the weapon firmly, he threw himself in the way of the vicious brute, and aiming for the eye, pulled. Then, turning quickly, he ran for his life.

life.

Scarcely had he taken a dozen steps when a wild yell from the lips of Mudara called him, and looking back he saw the negro lion-hunter dancing wildly on the prostrate form of the kaobaba, and assailing him loudly with insulting epithets. Jim ran back, and found to his delight that his bullet had passed through the glaring eye of the rhinoceros directly into his brain, and the great heast was dead.

glaring eye of the rhinoceros directly into his brain, and the great beast was dead.

"The whits man's thunder is sure!" and Mudara bowed low. "Their boys are stronger than the men of Kuruman. Let us go."

They returned on the trail, and were soon joined by Arthur and the rest, who were delighted to find that Jim was unharmed.

"But look here," protested the boy. "Pm not so selfish that I want the fun all to myself. The next time you see a rhinoceros put out after me I give you permission to pile in and help

You ran too fast," averred the captain.

all you can."

"You ran too fast," averred the captain.

"We couldn't see your back for the dust."

"I didn't run any too fast, I can tell you.

That old born was just playing tag with the skirt of my jacket all the time. I only wished I had wings about that time."

It was too early in the trip to think of preserving the bodies of the slain rhinoceros; yet Paul lingered over them with longing eyes and wished to test his powers in preserving them. But, after awhile, they were left and the hunters kept on to the spot where the eland had fallen, thinking to secure steaks enough for their noonday meal. To their disgust the body of the huge deer was gone! They could see a broad mark upon the grass as if the animal had been dragged along for some distance, and Arthur commenced to follow it up, his rife thrown carelessly into the hollow of his arm, when a wild cry from Mudara called him back.

"Tao "he announced, briefly."

Tao!" he announced, briefly. 'How do you know that?"

The black pointed to the grass, and even the eyes of the young American could make out the tracks of animals of the feline race upon it. But he was not yet sufficiently master of his craft to make out the number.

"I don't know how many lions there may be," returned Arthur, quietly, "but this I will say: I don't propose to allow them to rob me of my game in that way. Come, Paul."

The Frenchman took up his rifle, and the two

The Frenchman took up his rifle, and the two darted away together upon the broad trail, and Mudara and his brother followed, calling to eight or ten of their men to join them. They kept a little in the rear of the two hunters, when Arthur turned and called to Mudara to send back for spare rifles. Two of the men ran back, and quickly returned with the guns.

"You take one and follow Paul, Mudara; Danatoo can follow me, and when I call for a gun see that it is ready to my hand," ordered Arthur.

The man nodded, and they walked on quickly, following the track by which the eland had been dragged. For nearly half a mile they trod on cautiously, when a hand was suddenly laid upon Arthur's shoulder.

"There, there, there!" said Danatoo, in a soft voice. "Do you not see the lion? Do you not know that Tao is there?"

Arthur paused, and looking ahead, saw the body of the eland extended on the grass, and, surrounding it, a dark, tawny mass, seemingly without motion of any kind. But both Danatoo and his brother knew that the lions were there.

Arthur let his rifle drop to the earth, while he

Arthur let his rifle drop to the earth, while he studied the giant prey. They were lying quite still, sucking the blood of the eland and tearing out pieces of his flesh from time to time. Only out pieces of his flesh from time to time. Only one of them, evidently the father of the family, raised his head and looked at the men who had been so daring as to intrude upon them in the moment when they were engaged in their repast. There was a majestic look in the front of this noble beast which took Arthur by surprise, and for the moment held him speechless. But he was an old hunter, and with a powerful effort of the will threw off the fascination of that steady, malignant glare.

that steady, malignant glare.
"Go to the right, Paul! There you can get a sight on the lioness. This big fellow is mine, for he has such a sancy look that I accept his challenge." And Arthur evidently "meant

Paul ran out to the right, attended by Mudara, and as he did so called the attention of the other lions, and for the first time the three rose. Two were large males, and the third a lioness of great size, and Arthur could at that moment only wonder that he could have taken interest in the dwarfed and stunted creatures he had seen in meagaging. he had seen in menageries.
"Get ready, Paul!" he cried; "they are wak-

ing up."

As he spoke, the large male which had first looked up began to trot toward him, evidently with the intention of investigating the matter fully, while the lioness ran off in another direcfully, while the lioness ran off in another direction, but with her eye bent upon Paul and Mudara. Arthur was no longer attending to them, for it was plain that the fellow in front intended to claim all his attention. He was coming up at a half-trot, and Arthur brought his rifle to his shoulder, and, taking steady aim, sent a ball into the shoulder of his huge antagonist. But a sort of side leap which the creature made at this moment partly disconcerted his aim, and the shot was not mortal, nor, indeed, did it and the shot was not mortal, nor, indeed, did it stop the lion in the least. For, changing from the trot to the leap, he came on in great bounds, making the hills tremble with his sonorous

Arthur merely put his hand behind him for his reserve rifle; it was thrust into his hand by the faithful Kroo, who had not flinched in the

Never had Arthur Castleton met such game Never had Arthur Castleton met such game as this, but he had been trained to shoot against as dangerous a creature, the Rocky Mountain grizzly, and he had no thought of failing now. Dropping on one kaee, as he caught the heavy gun from the hand of Danatoo, he waited calmly for the last leap, while Danatoo, with his heavy spear, also calmly waited. As the lion settled down before his last leap, the negro cried:

Fire-fire, then!"

"Steady!" answered Arthur, never turning his eyes from those of the lion; "I prefer to take my game upon the wing."
The body of the lion rose into the air, and the two boys, who were running up, rifles in hand, thought that their brave brother had seen his lest of earth. But never even in the days of last of earth. But never, even in the days of his first shooting, had Arthur Castleton taken such steady aim as now, when the huge body hung suspended over his very head.

Danatoo sprung impulsively forward, when the rifle cracked, and, swift as the hawk in its descent, the lion came down almost upon Ar-

descent, the lion came down almost upon Arthur's head. He sprung nimbly aside and whipped out a heavy navy revolver, while the spear of Danatoo was buried in the lion's back. But, there was no need of the blow, for the bullet there was no need of the blow, for the bullet had passed through the heart, and the giant of the plains lay dead. Before they had time to rejoice the crack of a rifle and a cry from Paul called them, and with shouts of dismay they sprung to his aid, for he was in fearful dan-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 509.)

Losanimas Joe Strikes a Balance.

BY OLL COOMES.

'OLD PARD, as I called my hunter companion, and Perfesser Polsen enjoyed the 'painter trick' they'd played on me hugely," said Losanimas Joe, in reply to a remark made by one of our party in reference to the panther story, (see STAR JOURNAL No. 508) in connection with which he had promised us another of his "big" camp-fire yarns; "but I'd quietly made up my mind that the day'd come when I'd strike a balance with them felloes," he went on—"and so I watched my changes for month in and so I watched my chances for month in and month out, but for some reason or other the op-pertunity 'd never come 'round, and finally concluded it never would, and so I give up all thoughts o' the matter.
"Finally it fell to my lot to go to the Agency,

some two hundred miles away, for a supply o' ammunition. It'd take me ten days to make the round trip, and so early one mornin' I told my companions to look out for painters, bid 'em

my companions to look out for painters, bid 'em good-by and was off.

"Old Pard put in that day a-huntin' birds and animals for the perfesser to stuff and fix up for a place he called a moosium over in the States somewhar'. It war late that night when the old lad come in with a wild-cat, a screechowl, and a tom-tit. To his sprise he found a strange hunter had called while he war absent, and war entertainin' the perfesser with some o' the infernalist lies ever conceived by a cold, calculatin' brain. He give his name as Nat Krigger, and said he war just down from the Yallerstone diggin's like a crystal snow-flake. He war a hunter and trapper, a repository o' wind and lies, and a regler old sponge on the absorption o' liquid corn-fodder, and had no less than four pint flasks o' the stuff 'bout his clothes."

"Now, Old Pard warn't wholly averse to likker, and Perfesser Polsen would take a leetle for his stomach's sake, once in awhile; and as Nat Krigger war goin' to spend the night with the boys, in course he axed them to drink, and they drunk. Arter supper and pipes war indulged in, Old Nattie tapped a fresh flask, and in less'n an hour the three had gorgled it all down their throats. And then arter lettin' off a little more Ananias lip, Old Pard begun to git sleepy—the likker went to his head—and so he suggested they retire, and so they did. Now, all the bed they had in the world was a big blanket apiece; and this each critter spread out Now, Old Pard warn't wholly averse to

room, but the hunters had taken precautions ag'inst these blood-suckers by kiverin' them selves from head to foot with three thicknesses

blanket.
"Suddenly a dark shadder rose up ag'inst the "Suddenly a dark shadder rose up ag'inst the wall and begun bowin' and posturin' and dancin' like a fiendish form in the gloamin'. The shadder was made by the form o' Nat Krigger. He'd rizen from his couch, and havin' made sure Pard and perfesser war sound asleep under the inflooence o' his likker, he took a leather case from his pocket, and from that he took a big needle that war threaded with a long sinew or cat-gut. Then he knelt by the side o' Old Pard, and, you may shoot me for a hummin'bird, if he didn't begin to sew him up in his blanket! Yes, it's a Jee-ru-sa-lim fact, that Nat Kigger went to work to sew Old Pard up in his blanket! He had no trouble either, for the edge of the blanket lay just exactly right for work. The old sinner worked careful, of course, but he worked rapidly, too; while a fiendish smile The old sinner worked careful, of course, but he worked rapidly, too; while a fiendish smile played around his tobakker-stained lips. He warn't much afraid o' Pard wakenin' up soon for the old cuss had doped the likker with a harmless drug, yet strong enough to stupefy 'em till his work was done.

"From head to foot he plied his needle, and in less'n two minutes Old Pard was 'bagged.' Still he slept on like a log, and then Krigger rose, threaded his needle with another sinew and in three minutes that scientific Polsen was

and in three minutes that scientific Polsen was bagged also. Then Krigger breathed a sigh o relief, took a drink from a bottle, but not the

bagged also. Then Krigger breathed a sign o' relief, took a drink from a bottle, but not the one Pard and Polsen'd drank from, then he went to the door and fired a pistol.

"The report woke Pard, and he tried to spring to his feet, but failed. He yelled murder, and rolled over and over to unwrap his blanket, but it stuck to him like his skin. Slam he went against the perfesser and that fellow woke up with a cry and began rollin' and floppin' about to free hisself. Sich oaths, and groans, and gasps, as come from the folds o' them blankets war never hearn afore. They tried to cast off their bonds, but they war as helpless as if nailed in their coffins in a trance.

"All o' a suddint a Ingin yell war heard at the door, and six painted red-skins came boomin' into the cabin. Old Nat Krigger received 'em with a chuckle o' sweet joy and p'inted to the poor fellers squirmin', and flounderin' and poppin' around like routed maggots in the hot sun.

"The boys could hear enough to tell 'em that

"The boys could hear enough to tell 'em that Krigger'd played them the traitor. The perfesser coaxed and begged in gasps for liberty. He even offered to turn over two States o' the Union to Nat, free o' incumbrance, if he'd let him go; but Old Pard swore, and panted, and kicked, and ranted, till the blue smoke riz around him. But the fiends only laffed at their prayers and oaths.

and oaths. 'Finally, when the boys'd about exhausted themselves their captors shouldered 'em like logs o' wood and set off with 'em through the mountains. They carried 'em a long ways until they come to whar a rock riz up straight before em. At the foot o' this rock war two fresh holes bout three feet or four deep. Into them holes they stood the boys, feet down. Then they filled in the dirt around them and stamped they med in the diff around them and samped to down so tight the boys couldn't move their toes; and, I'll be etarnally blessed, if they wer'n't planted thar waist-deep as solid as the bld, hoary rock at their backs. Yes, it's a fact, boys, a Jee-ru-sa-lim fact. Then, what should them p'izen fiends o' night do but throw a quarter o' fresh deer near the boys and leave—yes, leave them planted ther to die a feerful them planted thar to die a fearful

eath.
"They hadn't been gone long afore the boys managed to start up a conversation; but it war like two drownin' men talkin' as they clung to a wreck in the middle o' the sea; and all to one't their conversation was disturbed by a yelp. It war the bark o' a wolf that sent the chill waltzin' up and down their spinal columns. The wolf'd been 'tracted there by that quarter o' fresh deer-meat, and in less'n ten minutes a dozen o' the shaggy, hungry varmints war tear-in' and fightin' over the venison like mad.

"In ten minutes the deer war all licked up, and then the wolves begun to sniff and snuffle and snarl around my folks, tryin' to make out what it war planted thar. When one o' them'd poke its inquisitive nose ag'inst Old Pard he'd yell out the best he could and skeer the wolf back; but the critter'd brace up and market. yell out the best he could and skeer the wolf back; but the critter'd brace up and march back only to be driven away by an awful pentup sound; and in this way the men and the wolves passed the hours until broad daylight. But the wolves war growin' bolder each minit now, and jist as the sun riz above the eastern hills they made a gineral attack on Old Pardtearin' his blanket and cuttin' them stitches o' Nat Krigger's until the old fellow, by a mighty effort, succeeded in freein' his arms and strippin' the blanket off to his waist.

"And the scene that met his gaze war awful

"And the scene that met his gaze war awful, Fully a score o' wolves with blazin' green eyes and red, drippin' jaws war swayin' and seethin' before him. He saw that the towerin' rock behind him pertected him from a rear at-

tack.
"Now Old Pard war so fearfully worked up that he never stopped to 'eye' them wolves into submission as he'd told me to do 'ith the painter, no, sir, not he! The fust wolf that come in reach he let drive his fist and knocked the critter heels over appetite. Then, as he war within reach o' Polsen, he tore the blanket from that in reach o'rosen, he tore the blanket from that wortby's head, and the looks they give each othen war sad, wild and woful. They took hold o'hand and tried to pull each other outen his perdicamint, but it war no go; and as the wolves war crowdin' up they had to give their

"Now and then a big feller—bolder'n the rest
—would prance up within reach o' Pard, when
the old feller'd let drive his fist and send the Jee-ru-sa-lim fact, he struck a few o' them sich thunderin' welts on the nose that he turned the critters inside out. But still the yowlin', carniverous varmints grew in numbers and their hunger increased accordin'. The perfesser fit and fit till he war 'bout gone. Old Pard's fists war barked and bruised with poundin' them beasts' noses and noggins.

"The sun riz slowly in the sky, and war standin' on the miditerranean, when all to once a crash of firearms rung out on the air and a lot o' wolves fell killed and wounded. Then half a dozen men come boundin' from the wood with yells and shouts, and—Old Pard and the perfesser war saved—rescooed.

yells and shouts, and—Old Pard and the perfesser war saved—rescooed.

"Their rescooers war a party o' gold prospecters who parted with them whar they met. Old Pard and Polsen went to the cabin, swearin' etarnal vengeance on Nat Krigger and his banditti, for sich they believed they war. When I got back from the Agency the boys had fully recovered from their night o' peril, and received me as tho' nothin' 'd happened.

"And, would you believe it? them fellers war so 'feard that I'd run the joke on them, that they never opened their heads to me 'bout their adventure with Krigger and the wolves. No, sir, they kept mum; and so it run along for 'bout two months till one night when I got in ruther late, when Old Pard up and axes me if I'd been havin' another 'painter scrape.'

scrape.'
"I looked them fellers a fiendish look, for my "I looked them fellers a fiendish look, for my time had ag'in come, and puttin' my thumb to my nose this way, and twirlin' my fingers that way, I axed: 'Boys, have you see'd Nat Krigger, lately? have ye, I ask, been planted for wolfbait, recently? hey?"

"Old Pard and the perfesser exchanged looks. An out, that smelt o' bringstone butst from

a little more Ananias lip, Old Pard begun to git sleepy—the likker went to his head—and so he suggested they retire, and so they did. Now, all the bed they had in the world was a big blanket apiece; and this each critter spread out wide, then lyin' down on one side caught up the edge and rolled over a few times, thus wrappin' it closely and snugly around him from head to foot.

"In a few minutes all had become still in the cabin. The fire burned low. Presently the muffled snorin' o' Old Pard and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser exchanged looks. An oath that smelt o' brimstone bu'st from Pard's lips, and the perfesser turned green in such that I he perfesser turned green in the port. The first or it is, I knew that Krigger, the wu'st case for fun this side o' the Jordan, was in the neighborhood, and when I went to the wu'st case for fun this side o' the Jordan, was in the neighborhood, and when I went to the void and when I went to the void and when I went to the terrible scenes of blood, of comrades cold in death, of last words breathed faintly from dying lips. Texans, why did you allow old Perry to live his last days in poverty? Poor old Perry is now resting in his grave, after a most adventurous life as a soldier, ranger and scout, but I doubt much if any marble shaft marks the spot; so in my feeble way I do my for Nat Krigger, yit, I presume, and if ever they do meet, thar'll be an account to settle, a

" Mayericks."

A LEAF FROM TEXAN HISTORY.

BY SAM S. HALL ("BUCKSKIN SAM.")

An item has been going the rounds of the press, worded in a variety of ways, explaining the origin of the name "Maverick," as applied

by some correspondents, the explanation which they have got from cow-boys on the cattle trail, is called a *Texan Story*—intimating that some doubt exists in their minds as to its authorizing.

that some doubt exists in their minus as to as authenticity.

In Texas all stray cows or yearlings collected in a "round-up," which are not branded, are called "Mavericks," and have been for more than thirty years, although the ownership of a yearling can often be proved by its keeping close to its mother—the latter being branded. Harper's Monthly states that a certain Col. Maverick—strange that a man so noted in connection with Texan history should not be more generally known—bough; an island in a Texan river on which he placed a few cattle, as business entanglements claimed his attention, and that these cattle increased to many thousands. Furthermore, that the colonel well-nigh forgot his island colony, the stock eventually swimming to the mainland, where they became scattered among the cattle of the different

cattered among the cattle of the different

The stock which escaped from the island no The stock which escaped from the island not being branded, the "rounders" informed the colonel of his good luck, he exclaiming: "For Heaven's sake, boys, go and help yourselves!" Thereafter any animal found without a brand was called a "Maverick."

This account in Harper's Monthly is the most correct I have perused, but there are errors in

trit; for instance, any one knowing much about trit; for instance, any one knowing much about Texan rivers—especially the streams which flow through the stock-raising districts—will be surprised that an island on which thousands of stock could be kept for years has not received some name or mention, and would naturally incoming in what river the same might be situated. quire in what river the same might be situated. I have known the Guadalupe, which is a small stream, to rise eighteen feet at Victoria, in a

stream, to rise eighteen feet at Victoria, in a single day and night, or, at least, that is the depth I was informed, and I could not doubt it upon seeing the raging torrent with my own eyes, and observing huge trees and dead cattle and horses floating on its surface, washed from the mainland river bottom.

I am inclined to think island ranching would not pay in Texas, or on any Southern river, for that matter. The truth of the matter is that the colonel's island was on the Texan sea-shore near the mouth of the Rio Nueces, and the cattle swam onto the mainland during a drouth at low tide. The business entanglements which are alluded to as keeping the colonel from attending to this stock, was the weighty business of "Guerra al cuchillo" (war to the knife), as will be fully shown in this article.

There were more "Mavericks" in Texas, the last two years of our civil war, than ever before or since, as the rancheros were in the C. S. A., and consequently could not attend to their stock.

, and consequently could not attend to their

stock.

I have seen at different times during the years '60, '61 and '62, on the sand plains, which stretch from Aroyo, Colorado, to King's Ranch, some of the most terrific brute battles man ever saw between the truly wild bulls, which roan those plains, and which had never been bra ed, nor probably ever have been since. These savage brutes were tremendous man moths in size, and frightfully fierce—some of them at least twelve or fifteen years old; i

fact, these animals were the original "Maver ick" stock which had escaped the torturing iron
You could not walk a block in the streets of San Antonio, twenty years ago, without hearing the word "Maverick," as associated with stock. It spread to New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Oregon; also, through the Cow-Boys, to the Indian Nation, Kansas, Nebraska, and so on, until it is now familiar to all stockmen on the continent.

But, if the reader will examine any map of But, If the reader will examine any map of Texas, of recent issue, he or she will observe that Eagle Pass and Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande, are in Maverick county, which was thus named in honor of the same man who has unwittingly given a name to designate an unbranded animal. given a name to designate an unbranded animal. In old times, when a stranger was seen in the streets of San Antonio, gaping at the strange scenes and characters, expressions such as these would fly about the crowd: "Thar's a Maverick; he needs brandin'!" "Rope him!" "Sell him a land warrant in the Apache mountains!" "Stake him out!" "Corral ther cuss!", etc.

I had for a pard, on the Rio Grande, a young man who was the first white child ever born in Maverick county—a noble fellow, and I regret to say I shoveled the sand over his uncoffined form in the chaparrals.

to say I shoveled the sand over his uncomned form in the chaparrals.

I was personally acquainted with Col. Samuel A. Maverick, and have, in days past, gained much information in regard to the personal history of many men who fought and fell for Texas, from his lips, although he was not communicative, but of a retiring, even taciturn dis-

position.

Col. Maverick resided within a stone's throw

Col. Maverick resided within a stone's throw of the Alamo, where so many of his comrades-in-arms perished. It was said at one time that he could ride in a direct line one hundred miles without going off his own land, but as this land was located on the Rio Grande it wasn't of much, if any, use to him.

When I knew him he was bent with age, his light read beauth board stony white and he was ready.

when I knew him he was bent with age, his hair and beard snow-white, and he was very thin in flesh—in fact, haggard, his health having been broken by hardships and privation. He was a man of great courage, and never spoke without being directly addressed. The poke without being uncerly as it were, sing-general Texan is continually, as it were, sing-

ing his own death-song—relating his deeds of war—without, however, thinking of dying, but Colonel Maverick was far from being proud of his deeds, or at least never aired them before Col. Maverick was one of that gallant band

Col. Maverick was one of that gallant band of Americans who went to Texas and associated themselves for mutual protection, during the years between 1826 and 1830 inclusive—the celebrated Col. James Bowie and his brother, Renzie P. Bowie, arriving in the latter year. Among these men who, with Col. Maverick, were called upon to resist the tyrannical exactions and cruelties of the Mexicans—in fact, these Americans were driven to frenzy by the indignities heaped upon them which culminated indignities heaped upon them which culminated in the massacre of the Alamo and eventually in Texan independence—were the Bowies; Philip Dimmit (who afterward established a trading post at Corpus Christi); Erasmo or "Deaf" Smith, the famous scout of Sam Houston's army; John Brown, known as "Waco" Brown,

Smith, the famous scout of Sam Houston's army; John Brown, known as "Waco" Brown, from having been a prisoner among the Waco Indians; Buchanan, wounded in Colonel James Bowie's big battle with 164 Tehuacana and Caddo Indians, at the San Saba silver mines; Thomas McQueen, killed by Indians in 1834; James Armstrong, Frederick Arnold, and Perry Alsbury, besides others of note.

Perry Alsbury was one of the volunteers of Houston's army at San Jacinto, who burned the bridge in the face of the Mexican army at the risk of being riddled with balls—a valiant deed mentioned in history.

How often have I listened, out of respect, to the frequently-repeated tales of Texan history from the lips of old Perry Alsbury—poor, old, gray-haired, trembling Perry! Who in West Texas did not know him? I see him now, the tears running down his cheeks as he would describe the terrible scenes of blood, of comrades cold in death, of last words breathed faintly from dying lips. Texans, why did you allow old Perry to live his last days in poverty? Poor old Perry is now resting in his grave, after a most adventurous life as a soldier, ranger and scout, but I doubt much if any marble shaft marks the spot; so in my feeble way I do

any ways vain—that he was respectful but of a silent, retiring turn of mind. I may perhaps have allowed a certain circumstance to cause me to think he was without vanity, which, upon second thoughts, I might have miscon-

This circumstance was that I had seen Col. This circumstance was that I had seen Col.
Maverick pushing a wheelbarrow through the
plazas and streets of the Alamo City, purchasing groceries and wheeling them home himself
—this being in slavery times; but when I recollect that his was the only Yankee wheelbarrow
I had seen in Texas at that time, I am forced to
think that, possibly, the colonel was proud of
the vehicle!

As I have made mention of the celebrated

the vehicle!

As I have made mention of the celebrated Col. James Bowie, of bowie-knife and Alamo fame, I will add that this brave man, so dear to Texas, was married the same year he became a citizen of San Antonio (1830) to the daughter of Don Veramendi, the Lieutenant-Governor of Texas under Mexican rule.

On February 1st, 1861, the convention in Austin passed the ordinance of secession and appointed Thos. J. Devine, Samuel A. Maverick and N. P. Luckett commissioners to receive the public property for the State from General Twiggs, then in command, who turned over the same, amounting to a million dollars' worth, to this commission.

HISTORY OF CHESS.

CHESS, the oldest and most scientific of sedentary amusements, originated in India about five thousand years ago. Its history may be divided into three periods: First—The age of the Chaturanga, or primeval Indian game, extending from its origin down to about the sixth century, A. D. In the Chaturanga the moves of the men were almost the same as in the present game, but it was played by four persons, and the combatants determined what piece to move by the throw of a die. Second—The age of the Shatranj, or medieval game, embracing the period between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. In the Shatranj the game was reduced to a contest between two persons, and the element of chance was discarded. embracing the period between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. In the Shatranj the game was reduced to a contest between two persons, and the element of chance was discarded. Early in this stage of its history the game passed eastward into China and Japan, where, in the lapse of time, it has been considerably modified, and westward through Persia and Byzantium into Europe, where it became, during the Middle Ages, the favorite indoor pastime of the court and the cloister. Third—Modern chess includes the period from the commencement of the sixteenth century to the present day. It is distinguished by some changes in the fundamental laws of the game, such as an increase of the powers of the Queen and Bishop, and the introduction of Castling. Chess is now cultivated by all civilized nations, and its theory and practice have been investigated by innumerable writers of ability. Among those of the present century, are Koch, Sarratt, Cochrane, Lewis, Bilguer, Von der Lasa, Bledow, Alexandre, Walker, Janisch, Calvi and Staunton. The most famous players of the last four hundred years, have been Paoli Boi, Leonardo da Cutri, Salvio, Del Rio, and Dubois, of Italy; Ruy Lopez and Xerone, of Spain; Legal, Philidor, Deschappelles, and La Bourdonnais, of France; Cunningham, Stair, Janssen, Sarratt, McDonnell, and Staunton, of England; Allgaier, Bilguer, Hanstein, Mayet, Von der Lasa, Anderssen, Lange, and Harwitz, of Germany; Petroff and Kieseritsky, of Russia; Szen and Lowenthal, of Hungary; Stein, of Holland; Stamma, of Syria; and Morphy, of America.

During the present century the popularity of the game has largely increased, owing to the establishment of chess periodicals, to the interest attaching to public contests between great players or between different clubs, and to the influence of assemblies or conventions of amateurs, such as the tournament at New York, 1857, and the tournament at Paris 1873

eurs, such as the tournament held at London in 1851, the congress which met at New York, 1857 and the tournament at Paris, 1878.

and the tournament at Paris, 1878.

In the numerous legends and curious anecdotes which adorn its annals; in its venerable nomenclature, which has been transmitted through all the changes of language, from the earliest tongues of the Indo-European stock to the latest; in its singular combination of idle amusement and mental toil, and in the fascination which it has ever exercised over its votaries, Chess forms a remarkable chapter in the history of the world. Monarchs like Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, and Napoleon I., and philosophers like Voltaire, Leibnitz, Rousseau and Franklin, have found delight in its study and pleasure in its practice. Alone among games, its use has been sanctioned by the priesthood of all beliefs—Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist and Moslem. Erudite writers have illustrated its history, and acute intellects have elaborated its theory, until it has at length become the subject of a large and pleasent literature. Nor is the world likeacute intellects have enaborated its theory, and til it has at length become the subject of a large and pleasant literature. Nor is the world likely to tire of an amusement which never repeats itself, of a pastime which presents to-day featured aboves as fresh as those tures as novel and charms as fresh as those with which it delighted, in the morning of time, the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges and Indus.

Beat Time's Notes.

Our choir didn't sing last Sabbath because they didn't have a quirum. WE wrote it "Kilkenny cats," and the print-

er made it "Kill canny Scots." THEY have a saloon down-town called Home," and Jones says there is no place like

It is said that money takes wings and they also say that the wings of the Capitol took money.

Those poets figure but little before the world who write loggy-rhythms and know but little of 'rythm-atic. Now is the time for seals and beavers to pull

off their jackets and present them to the vener of America. "REMEMBER, my dear madam, that too fine a dress will make your husband growl and your neighbor's wife scowl; so pause and consider."

SHE gave him blazes for coming in so late. "Late?" said he. "Why, I think I am getting home early. See, it is two o'clock in the mcrn-Brown has accumulated and saved so much

time by getting up early in the mornings that he is now sixty years old; had he lain longer he would now be but fifty.

It is far better to have a good many strings to your beau than a good many beaux to your string. This is an Archer-logical sentiment spoken without arrowgance.

THE women have begun the free distribution of whisky in an Ohio town, by knocking in the heads of the barrels and emptying them on the ground. Swipes says he wishes he was original dust so he could absorb some of it.

I HAVE been away from home two weeks and Thave been away from nome two weeks and we got all our stoves up in nice style, not a stove fell over on my foot, my fingers were not pinched. If you want to get your winter stoves up without any trouble to you at all, go away and be sensible.

Arr is a vital fluid, dry, that incases the earth like an invisible shell. You can reach out of the window and get a handful of it and yet you can't see how much you have got. There is none of it in churches, but there is lots of it in your winter room at your hotel. When you get so that you can't swallow any more of it you are gone up.

Among the novels lately issued are: "His Face was his Fortune; or, the Man who Rode through Life on his Cheek." "The House of Lys; or, the Sequel to Truth." "The Gilded Pill, a Story of the House of Medici-ne." "Paul Knox, Pitman, Sequel to Paul Knocks Furgeson." "The Last of her Line; or, the Washerwoman who hung the Rag on the Bush." BEAT TIME.